THE

Scottish Melodist;

CONTAINING

CHOICE SONGS,

FROM

BURNS, RAMSAY, MACNEIL, GALL, &c.

EDINBURGH:

PUBLISHED BY OLIVER & BOYD, NETHERBOW.

Price One Shilling.

Glen. 71. b1

Mr John Glen
from Alfred Moffat.
1 Sept. 1902.

THE GLEN COLLECTION
OF SCOTTISH MUSIC

Presented by Lady Dorothea Ruggles-Brise to the National Library of Scotland, in memory of her brother, Major Lord George Stewart Murray, Black Watch, killed in action in France in 1914.

28th January 1927.

FRONTISPIECE.

Now fiddler lad, play up the spring ;
The country fashion is the thing,
To prie their mou's e'er we begin
To dance the Reel o' Boggie.

x Glen 71.

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NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND EDINBURGH

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SCOTTISH SONGS.

Tullochgorum.

Come gie's a sang the Lady cried,
And lay your disputes all aside;
What nonsense is't for folks to chide,
For what's been done before them.
Let Whig and Torry all agree,
Whig and Torry,
Whig and Torry,
Whig and Torry all agree
To drop their whigmegmorum.
Let Whig and Torry all agree
To spend the night wi' mirth and glee,
And cheerfu' sing alang wi' me
The Reel of Tullochgorum.

Tullochgorum's my delight,
It gars us a' in ane unite,
And ony sumph that keeps up spite,
In conscience I abhor him:
Blithe and merry we's be a',
Blithe and merry,
Blithe and merry,
Blithe and merry we's be a'
To make a cheerfu' quorum:

Blithe and merry we's be a'
As lang as we hae breath to draw,
And dance, till we be like to fa',
The Reel of Tullochgorum.

There needs nae be sae great a phrase
Wi' bringing dull Italian lays;
I wadna gie our ain strathspeys
For hauf a hunder score o'm;
They're dowff and dowie at the best,
Dowff and dowie,
Dowff and dowie;
They're dowff and dowie at the best,
Wi' a' their variorum:
They're dowff and dowie at the best,
Their allegros, and a' the rest,
They canna please a Highland taste,
Compar'd wi' Tullochgorum.

Let wardly minds themselves oppress,
Wi' fear o' want, and double cess,
And silly sauls themsels distress,
Wi' keeping up decorum.
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
Sour and sulky,
Sour and sulky;
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
Like auld Philosophorum?
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
Wi' neither sense, nor mirth, nor wit,
And canna rise to shake a fit
To the Reel of Tullochgorum?

May choicest blessings still attend,
Each honest-hearted open friend,

And calm and quiet be his end,
Be a' that's gude before him!
May peace and plenty be his lot,
Peace and plenty,
Peace and plenty,
May peace and plenty be his lot,
And dainties a great store o'm:
May peace and plenty be his lot,
Unstain'd by ony vicious blot;
And may he never want a groat,
That's fond of Tullochgorum.

But for the discontented fool,
Wha wants to be Oppression's tool,
May envy gnaw his rotten soul.
And blackest fiends devour him!
May dole and sorrow be his chance,
Dole and sorrow,
Dole and sorrow,
May dole and sorrow be his chance,
And honest souls abhor him:
May dole and sorrow be his chance,
And a' the ills that come frae France,
Whae'er he be, that winna dance
The Reel of Tullochgorum.

The Thistle of Scotland.

Let them boast of the country gave Patrick his birth,
The land of the oak and its neighbouring earth,
Where blossoms the Rose and the Shamrock so green.

Far dearer to me are the hills of the north,
The land of blue mountains, the birth-place of worth;
Those mountains where Freedom has fix'd her abode,
And these deep-winding vales where a slave never trode,
Where blooms the red heather and Thistle so green.

Though rich is the soil where blossoms the Rose,
And barren our mountains, and cover'd with snows,
Where blooms the red heather and Thistle so green;
Yet for friendship sincere, and for loyalty true,
For courage so bold that no foe can subdue,
Unmatch'd is our country, unrival'd our swains,
And lovely and true are the nymphs in our plains,
Where blooms the red heather and Thistle so green.

Far fam'd were our sires in the battles of yore,
And many the cairnes which rise on our shore,
O'er the foes of the Thistle, the Thistle so green.
But those fields are still free which our forefathers won,
And the fire of the father still glows in the son;
Let foe come on foe, as wave follows wave,
We'll give them a welcome, we'll give them a grave,
Beneath the red heather and Thistle so green.

And dear to our souls as the blessings of heaven,
Is the freedom we boast, is the land that we live in,
The land of red heather and Thistle so green.

For that country, that freedom, our forefathers bled,
And we swear by that blood the our ancestors shed,
No foot of a foe shall e'er tread on their grave,
But the Thistle shall bloom o'er the bed of the brave,
The Thistle of Scotland, the Thistle so green.

Ah! Chloris, could I now but sit.

Ah! Chloris, could I now but sit
As unconcern'd, as when
Your infant beauty could beget
No happiness nor pain.
When I this dawning did admire,
And prais'd the coming day,
I little thought that rising fire
Would take my rest away.

Your charms in harmless childhood lay,
As metals in a mine;
Age from no face takes more away,
Than youth conceal'd in thine:
But as your charms insensibly
To their perfection press'd,
So love, as unperceiv'd, did fly,
And center'd in my breast.

My passion with your beauty grew,
While Cupid, at my heart,
Still as his mother favour'd you,
Threw a new flaming dart:

Each gloried in their wanton part:
To make a lover, he
Employ'd the utmost of his art;
To make a beauty, she.

Hey for a Lass wi' a Tocher.

Awa wi' your witchcraft o' beauty's alarms,
The slender bit beauty you grasp in your arms:
O, gie me the lass that has acres o' charms,
O, gie me the lass wi' the weel stockit farms.
Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher;
Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher;
Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher;
The nice yellow guineas for me.

Your beauty's a flower, in the morning that blows,
And withers the faster, the faster it grows;
But the rapturous charm o' the bonie green knowes,
Ilk spring they're new deckit wi' bonie white yowes.
Then hey, &c.

And e'en when this beauty your bosom has blest,
The brightest o' beauty may cloy, when possest,
But the sweet yellow darlings wi' Geordie imprest,
The langer ye hae them, the mair they're carest.
Then hey, &c.

Logan Braes.

By Logan streams that rin sae deep,
Fu' aft wi' glee I've herded sheep;
I've herded sheep, and gather'd slaes,
Wi' my dear lad on Logan braes.
But waes my heart! thae days are gane,
And I wi' grief may herd alane,
While my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me, or Logan braes.

Nae mair at Logan kirk will he,
Atween the preachings meet wi' me;
Meet wi' me, or when it's mirk,
Convoy me hame frae Logan kirk.
Weel may I sing, thae days are gane,
Frae kirk or fair I come alane;
While my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me, or Logan braes.

How blythe hae I been.

How blythe hae I been wi' my Sandy,
As we sat in the howe o' the glen!
But nae mair can I meet wi' my Sandy,
To the banks o' the Rhine he is gane.

Alas! that the trumpet's loud clarion,
Thus draws a' our shepherds afar;
O cou'dna the ewe-bughts and Marion
Please mair than the horrors o' war!

Not a plough in our land has been ganging;
The ousen hae stood in their sta';
Nae flails in our barns hae been banging,
For mair than a towmond or twa.

Waes me, that the trumpet's shrill clarion,
Thus draws a' our shepherds afar!
O, I wish that the ewe-bughts and Marion
Could charm frae the horrors o' war.

I lo'e nae a Laddie but ane.

I LO'E nae a laddie but ane,
He lo'es nae a lassie but me;
He's willing to mak me his ain,
And his ain I'm willing to be:
He coft me a rokely o' blue,
A pair o' mittens o' green,
And his price was a kiss o' my mou;
And I paid the debt yestreen.

Let ithers brag weel o' their gear,
Their land and their lordly degree,
I carena for ought but my dear,
For he's ilka thing lordly to me;
His words mair than sugar are sweet,
His sense drives ilk fear far awa';
I listen, poor fool! and I greet,
Yet how sweet are the tears as they fa'!

'Dear lassie,' he cries wi' a jeer,
'Ne'er heed what the auld anes will say;

'Tho' we've little to brag o', ne'er fear,
'What's gowd to a heart that is wae?
'Our laird has baith honours and wealth,
'Yet see how he's dwining wi' care;
'Now we, tho' we've naething but health,
'Are canty and leel evermair.

'O Menie! the heart that is true,
'Has something mair costly than gear,
'Ilk e'en' it has naething to rue,
'Ilk morn it has naething to fear:
'Ye wardlings! gae hoard up your store,
'And tremble for fear ought ye tyne;
'Guard your treasures wi' lock, bar, and door,
'While thus in my arms I lock mine.'

He ends wi' a kiss and a smile,
Wa'es me! can I take it amiss,
When a lad, sae unpractis'd in guile,
Smiles saftly, and ends wi' a kiss!
Ye lasses, wha lo'e to torment
Your lemans wi' fause scorn and strife,
Play your pranks,—for I've gi'en my consent,
And this night I'll take Jamie for life.

Logie o' Buchan.

O Logie o' Buchan, O Logie the Laird,
They hae ta'en awa Jamie, that delv'd in the yard,
Wha play'd on the pipe, wi' the viol sae sma',
They hae ta'en awa Jamie, the flow'r o' them a'.

He said, think na lang, lassie, though I gang awa;
He said, think na lang, lassie, though I gang awa;
For the simmer is coming, cauld winter's awa,
And I'll come and see thee in spite o' them a'.

Sandy has ousen, has gear, and has kye,
A house and a hadden, and siller forbye;
But I'd tak my ain lad, wi' his staff in his hand,
Before I'd hae him wi' his houses and land.
He said, think na lang, &c.

My daddie looks sulky, my minny looks sour,
They frown upon Jamie because he is poor;
Tho' I lo'e them as weel as a daughter should do,
They are nae hauf sae dear to me, Jamie, as you.
He said, think na lang, &c.

I sit at my creepie, I spin at my wheel,
And think on the laddie that lo'ed me sae weel;
He had but a saxpence, he brak it in twa,
And he gied me the hauf o't when he gade awa.
Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide na awa;
Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide na awa;
The simmer is coming, cauld winter's awa,
And ye'll come and see me in spite o' them a'.

Cauld Kail in Aberdeen.

There's cauld kail in Aberdeen,
And castocks in Stra'bogie,

Whar ilka lad maun hae his lass,
But I maun hae my cogie.
For I maun hae my cogie, troth,
I canna want my cogie;
I wadna gie my three-gird cog
For a' the wives in Bogie.

Johnny Smith has got a wife
Wha scrimps him o' his cogie;
But were she mine, upon my life,
I'd duck her in a bogie.
For I maun hae my cogie, troth,
I canna want my cogie;
I wadna gie my three-gird cog
For a' the wives in Bogie.

Twa-three todlen weans they hae,
The pride o' a' Stra'bogie;
Whene'er the totums cry for meat,
She curses ay his cogie;
Crying, 'wae betide the three-gird cog!
'Oh, wae betide the cogie!
'It does mair skaith than a' the ills
'That happen in Stra'bogie.'

She fand him ance at Willie Sharp's,
And what they maist did laugh at,
She brake the bicker, spilt the drink,
And tightly gowff'd his haffet;
Crying, 'Wae betide the three-gird cog!
'Oh, wae betide the cogie!
'It does mair skaith than a' the ills
'That happen in Stra'bogie.'

Yet here's to ilka honest soul,
Wha'll drink wi' me a cogie,

And for ilk silly whingin fool,
We'll duck him in a bogie.
For I maun hae my cogie, sirs,
I canna want my cogie;
I wadna gie my three-gird cog
For a' the queans in Bogie.

Highland Laddie.

THE Lawland lads think they are fine,
But oh, they're vain and idly gaudy;
How much unlike the gracefu' mein,
And manly looks o' my Highland laddie.
O my bonny Highland laddie,
My handsome charming Highland laddie;
May heav'n still guard, and love reward,
The Lawland lass and her Highland laddie.

If I were free at will to chuse,
To be the wealthiest Lawland lady,
I'd take young Donald in his trews,
With bonnet blue, and belted plaidy.
O, my bonny, &c.

The brawest beau in Borrow's town,
In a' his airs, wi' art made ready,
Compar'd to him, he's but a clown;
He's finer far in's belted plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

O'er benty hills with him I'll run,
And leave my Lawland kin and daddy;
Frae winter's cauld and simmer's sun,
He'll screen me wi' his Highland plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

A painted room, and silken bed,
May please a Lawland lord or lady;
But I can kiss, and be as glad,
Behind a bush in's Highland plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

Few compliments between us pass,
I ca' him my dear Highland laddie,
And he ca's me his Lawland lass,
Syne rows me in beneath his plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

Nae greater joy I'll e'er pretend,
Than that his love prove true and steady,
Like mine to him, which ne'er shall end
While heaven preserves my Highland laddie.
O my bonny, &c.

Donald o' Dundee.

Young Donald is the blythest lad
That e'er made love to me;
Whene'er he's by, my heart is glad,
He's ay so sweet and free.
Then on his pipe he plays so sweet,
And in his plaid he looks so neat,
It chears my heart at eve to meet
Young Donald of Dundee.

Whene'er I gang to yonder grove,
Young Sandy follows me,
And fain he wants to be my love,
But ah! it canna be;

Tho' mither frets both soon and late,
For me to wed this youth I hate,
There's nane need hope to gain young Kate,
But Donald of Dundee.

When last we rang'd the banks of Tay,
The ring he shew'd to me,
And bade me name the bridal-day,
Then happy would he be;
I ken the youth will ay prove kind;
Nae mair my mither will I mind;
Mess John to me shall quickly bind
Young Donald of Dundee.

Jem of Aberdeen.

The tuneful lav'rocks cheer the grove,
And sweetly smells the simmer green;
Now o'er the mead I love to rove,
Wi' bonny Jem of Aberdeen.
When'e'er we sit beneath the shade,
Or wander o'er the lea;
He's always wooing, wooing, wooing,
Always wooing me.

He's fresh and fair as flow'rs in May,
The blythest lad o' a' the green;
How sweet the time will pass away,
Wi' bonny Jem of Aberdeen.
Whene'er we sit, &c.

Wi' joy I leave my father's cot,
Wi' ilka sport of glen or green,
Well pleas'd to share the humble cot
Of bonny Jem of Aberdeen.
Whene'er we sit, &c.

Nae Luck about the House.

But are ye sure the news is true?
And are ye sure he's weel?
Is this a time to ta'k o' wark?
Ye jades, fling by your wheel!
Is this a time to ta'k o' wark,
When Colin's at the door?
Rax me my cloak, I'll to the quay,
And see him come ashore.
For there's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck ava;
There's little pleasure in the house,
Whan our gudeman's awa.

Rise up and mak a clean fire-side;
Put on the muckle pat;
Gie little Kate her cotton gown,
And Jock his Sunday's coat;
And mak their shoon as black as slaes,
Their hose as white as snaw;
It's a' to pleasure our gudeman,
He likes to see them braw.
For there's nae luck, &c.

There are twa hens into the crib,
Hae fed this month and mair,
Mak haste and thraw their necks about,
That Colin weel may fare;
And spread the table neat and clean,
Gar ilka thing look braw,
It's a' for love o' our gudeman,
For he's been lang awa.
For there's nae luck, &c.

O gie me down my bigonet,
My bishop satin gown,
And then gae tell the bailie's wife,
That Colin's come to town.
My Sunday's shoon they maun gae on,
My hose o' pearl blue;
And a' to pleasure our gudeman,
For he's baith leal and true.
For there's nae luck, &c.

Sae sweet his voice, sae smooth his tongue,
His breath's like cauler air;
His very tread has music in't,
As he comes up the stair.
And will I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the joy,
In troth, I'm like to greet.
For there's nae luck, &c.

The cauld blasts o' the winter wind,
That thrill'd thro' my heart,
Their a' blown by, I hae him safe,
Till death we'll never part;
But what puts parting in my head?
It may be far awa;
The present moment is our ain,
The neist we never saw.
For there's nae luck, &c.

Since Colin's weel, I'm weel content;
I hae nae mair to crave;
Could I but live to mak him blest,
I'm blest aboon the lave.
And will I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?

I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,
In troth, I'm like to greet.
For there's nae luck, &c.

Woo'd and Married and a'.

Woo'd and married and a'!
Woo'd and married and a'!
Was she not very weel aff,
Was woo'd and married and a'?

The bride came out of the byre,
And O as she dighted her cheeks,
Sirs, I'm to be married the night,
And has neither blankets nor sheets;
Has neither blankets nor sheets,
Nor scarce a coverlet too;
The bride that has a' to borrow,
Has e'en right meikle ado.
Woo'd and married, &c.

Out then spake the bride's father,
As he cam in frae the pleugh;
O haud your tongue my doughter,
And ye'se get gear eneugh;
The stirk that stands i' the tether,
And our bra' basin'd yad,
Will carry ye hame your corn,
What wad ye be at, ye jad?
Woo'd and married, &c.

Out spake the bride's mither;
What d—l needs a' this pride?
I had a plack in my pouch
That night I was his bride;

My gown was linsy-woolsy,
And ne'er a sark ava;
And ye hae ribbons and buskins,
Far mae than ane or twa.
Woo'd and married, &c.

What's the matter? quo' Willie,
Tho' we scant o' claiths,
We'll creep the nearer thegither,
And we'll smoor a' the fleas;
Simmer is coming on,
And we'll get teats of woo;
And we'll hae a lass o' our ain,
And she'll spin claiths anew.
Woo'd and married, &c.

Out spake the bride's brither,
As he came in wi' the kye;
Poor Willie wad ne'er hae taen ye,
Had he kent ye as weel as I;
For you're baith proud and saucy,
And no for a poor man's wife;
Gin I canna get a better,
Ise never tak ane i' my life.
Woo'd and married, &c.

Out spake the bride's sister,
As she came in frae the byre;
O gin I were but married,
It's a' that I desire;
But we poor fo'k maun live single,
And do the best we can;
I dinna care what I should want,
If I could but get a man.
Woo'd and married, &c.

The Siller Crown.

And ye shall walk in silk attire,
And siller hae to spare,
Gin ye'll consent to be his bride,
Nor think on Donald mair.
O wha wad wear a silken gown,
Wi' a poor broken heart;
Or what's to me a siller gown,
Gin frae my love I part.

The mind whase every wish is pure,
Far dearer is to me;
And e'er I'm forc'd to break my faith,
I'll lay me down and die:
For I hae pledg'd my virgin troth,
Brave Donald's fate to share;
And he has gi'en to me his heart,
Wi' a' its virtues rare.

His gentle manners wan my heart,
He gratefu' took the gift;
Cou'd I but think to seek it back,
It wou'd be waur than theft.
For langest life can ne'er repay
The love he bears to me;
And e'er I'm forc'd to break my troth,
I'll lay me down and die.

Jamie o' the Glen.

Auld Rob, the laird o' muckle land,
To woo me was na very blate,

But spite o' a' his gear, he fand
He came to woo a day o'er late.
A lad sae blythe, sae fu' o' glee,
My heart did never never ken,
And nane can gie sic joy to me,
As Jamie o' the glen.

My minnie grat like daft, and rair'd,
To gar me wi' her will comply,
But still I wadna hae the laird,
Wi' a' his ousen, sheep, and kye.
A lad sae blythe, &c.

Ah, what are silks and satins braw?
What's a' his war'ly gear to me?
They're daft that cast themsels awa,
Where nae content nor love can be.
A lad sae blythe, &c.

I cou'd nae bide the silly clash
Cam hourly frae the gawky laird;
And sae, to stop his gab and fash,
Wi' Jamie to the kirk repair'd.
A lad sae blythe, &c.

Now ilk simmer's day sae lang,
And winter's clad wi' frost and snaw,
A tunefu' lilt and bonny sang
Ay keep dull care and strife awa.
A lad sae blythe, &c.

A' Body's like to be Married but me!

As Jenny sat down wi' her wheel by the fire,
And thought on the time that was fast fleein by,

She said to hersel', wi' a heavy heigh hee,
O, a' body's like to be married but me!
She said to hersel', &c.

My youthfu' companions are a' worn awa,
And tho' I've had wooers mysel', ane or twa,
Yet a lad to my mind I ne'er yet could see:
O, a' body's like to be married but me!
Yet a lad, &c.

There's Lowrie, the Lawyer, wad hae me fu' fain,
Who has baith a house and a yard o' his ain;
But before I'd gang to it, I rather wad die;
A wee stumpin' body! he'll never get me!
But before, &c.

There's Dickie, my cousin, frae Lun'on come down,
Wi' fine yellow buckskins that dazzled the town;
But, poor deevil, he got ne'er a blink o' my ee:
O, a' body's like to be married but me!
But poor deevil, &c.

But I saw a lad by you saughy-burn side,
Wha weel wad deserve ony queen for his bride;
Gin I had my will, soon his ain I wad be:
O, a' body's like to be married but me!
Gin I had my will, &c.

I gied him a look, as a kind lassie shou'd;
My friends, if they kend it, wad surely rin wud;
For tho' bonny and good, he's no worth a bawbee:
O, a' body's like to be married but me!
For tho' bonny and good, &c.

Tis hard to tak shelter behint a laigh dike;
Tis hard for to tak ane we never can like;
Tis hard for to leave ane we fain wad be wi';
Yet its harder that a' shou'd be married but me.
'Tis hard for to leave, &c.

Ca' the Ewes to the Knowes.

Ca' the ewes to the knowes,
Ca' them whare the heather grows,
Ca' them whare the burnie rows,
My bonny dearie.
As I gaed down yon water side,
There I met my shepherd lad,
He row'd me kindly in his plaid,
And ca'd me his dearie.
Ca' the ewes, &c.

Will ye gang down the water side,
And see the waves sae sweetly glide;
Beneath the hazels spreading wide,
The moon it shines fu' clearly?
Ca' the ewes, &c.

I was bred up at nae sic school,
My shepherd lad, to play the fool;
And a' the day to sit in dool,
And nae body to see me.
Ca' the ewes, &c.

Ye shall get gowns and ribbons meet,
Cauf leather shoon upon your feet;
And in my arms ye'se lie and sleep,
And ye shall be my dearie.
Ca' the ewes, &c.

If ye'll but stand to what ye've said,
I'se gang wi' you, my shepherd lad;
And ye may row me in your plaid,
And I shall be your dearie.
Ca' the ewes, &c.

While waters wimple to the sea;
While day blinks in the lifts sae hie;
Till clay-cauld death shall blin' my ee,
Ye ay shall be my dearie.
Ca' the ewes, &c.

Johnny Cope.

Cope sent challenge frae Dunbar,
Saying, Charlie meet me gin you daur,
And I'll learn you the art of war,
If you'll meet me in the morning.
Hey, Johnny Cope, are ye waking yet?
Or, are your drums a beating yet?
If ye were waking, I would wait
To gang to the coals i' the morning.

When Charlie lookt the letter upon,
He drew his sword the scabbard from,
Come, follow me, my merry men,
And we'll meet Johnny Cope i' the morning,
Hey, Johnny Cope, &c.

Now, Johnny, be as good as your word,
Come let us try both fire and sword,
And dinna rin awa like a frighted bird,
That's chas'd frae it's nest i' the morning.
Hey, Johnny Cope, &c.

When Johnny Cope he heard of this,
He thought it wadna be amiss

To hae a horse in readiness,
To flee awa i' the morning.
Hey, Johnny Cope, &c.

Fy! now, Johnny, get up and rin,
The Highland bagpipes mak a din;
It's best to sleep in a hale skin,
For 'twill be a bluddie morning.
Hey, Johnny Cope, &c.

When Johnny Cope to Dunbar came,
They speer'd at him, Whare's a' your men?
The deil confound me gin I ken,
For I left them a' i' the morning.
Hey, Johnny Cope, &c.

Now, Johnny, trouth ye was na blate,
To come wi' the news o' your ain defeat,
And leave your men in sic a strait,
So early in the morning.
Hey, Johnny Cope, &c.

Ah! faith, quo' Johnny, I got a fleg,
Wi' their claymores and philabegs,
If I face them again, deil break my legs,
So I wish you a good morning.
Hey, Johnny Cope, &c.

Johnny and Mary.

Down the burn and thro' the mead,
His golden locks wav'd o'er his brow;
Johnny, lilting, tun'd his reed,
And Mary wip'd her bonny mou':

Dear she lo'ed the well-known song;
While her Johnny,
Blythe and bonny,
Sung her praise the whole day long.
Down the burn and thro' the mead,
His golden locks wav'd o'er his brow;
Johnny, lilting, tun'd his reed,
And Mary wip'd her bonny mou'.

Costly claiths she had but few,
Of rings and jewels nae great store,
Her face was fair, her love was true,
And Johnny wisely wish'd no more:
Love's the pearl the shepherds prize;
O'er the mountain,
Near the fountain,
Love delights the shepherds' eyes.
Down the burn, &c.

Gold and titles give not health,
And Johnny cou'd nae these impart;
Youthfu' Mary's greatest wealth,
Was still her faithfu' Johnny's heart;
Sweet the joys the lovers find,
Great the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure,
Where the heart is always kind.
Down the burn, &c.

My bonnie Mary.

Go fetch to me a pint o' wine,
And fill it in a silver tassie,
That I may drink, before I go,
A service to my bonnie lassie.

The boat rocks at the Pier o' Leith,
Fu' loud the wind blaws frae the Ferry
The ship rides by North Berwick-Law,
And I maun leave my bonnie Mary.

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,
The glitt'ring spears are ranked ready;
The shouts o' war are heard a-far,
The battle closes deep and bloody.
It's not the roar o' sea or shore,
Wad make me langer wish to tarry;
Nor shouts o' war, that's heard a-far;
It's leaving thee, my bonnie Mary.

Muirland Willie.

Hearken, and I will tell you how
Young Muirland Willie came to woo,
Tho' he could neither say nor do,
The truth I tell to you.
But ay he cries, whate'er betide,
Maggy I'se hae to be my bride,
With a fal de ral lal, &c.

On his grey yad as he did ride,
Wi' durk and pistol by his side,
He prick'd her on wi' meikle pride,
Wi' meikle mirth and glee;
Out owre yon moss, out owre yon muir,
Till he cam to her daddy's door,
With a fal de ral lal, &c.

Gudeman, quo' he, be ye within?
I'm come your doughter's love to win;
I carena for making meikle din;
What answer gie ye me?

Now, wooer, quo' he, gif ye'll come in,
Ye's get my doughter's love to win,
With a fal de ral lal, &c.

Now, wooer, sin' ye are lighted down,
Whare do you won? or in what town?
I think my doughter winna gloom
On sic a lad as ye.
The wooer he stept up the house,
And wow but he was wond'rous crouse,
With a fal de ral lal, &c.

I hae three owsen in a pleugh,
I wa gude gaun yads, and gear eneugh;
The place they ca' it Cadeneugh;
I scorn to tell a lie.
Besides, I hae, frae the great laird,
A peat-pat, and a lang-kail-yard,
With a fal de ral lal, &c.

The maid put on her kirtle brown,
She was the brawest in a' the town;
That on him she didna gloom,
But blinkit bonnilie.
The wooer stended up in haste,
And gript her hard about the waist,
With a fal de ral lal, &c.

To win your love, maid, I'm come here,
I'm young, and hae eneugh o' gear,
And for mysel' you needna fear,
Troth, try me when you like.
He took aff his bannet, and pat in his chew,
He dighted his gab, and he prie'd her mou',
With a fal de ral lal, &c.

The maiden blush'd, and bing'd fu' law;
She hadna will to say him na,
But to her daddy she left it a',
As they twa could agree.
The lover he gae her the tither kiss,
Syne ran to her daddy, and tell'd him this,
With a fal de ral lal, &c.

Your doughter wadna say me na,
But to yoursel she's left it a',
As we could 'gree between us twa;
Sae, what'll ye gie me wi' her;
Now, wooer, quo' he, I hae na meikle,
But sic's I hae ye's get a pickle,
With a fal de ral lal, &c.

A kilfu' o' corn I'll gie to thee,
Three soums o' sheep, twa gude milk kye;
Ye'se hae the wedding-dinner free;
Troth, I dow do nae mair.
Content, quo' he, a bargain be't,
I'm far frae hame, make haste, let's do't,
With a fal de ral lal, &c.

The bridal-day it came to pass,
Wi' mony a blythsome lad and lass;
But sickan a day there never was,
Sic mirth was never seen:
The winsome couple straiked hands,
Mess John ty'd up the marriage-bands,
With a fal de ral lal, &c.

And our bride's-maidens were na few,
Wi' tap-knots, lug-knots, a' in blue;
Frae tap to tae they were brawn new,
And blinkit bonnilie.

Their toys and mutches were sae clean,
They glanced in our lads's een,
With a fal de ral lal, &c.

Sic hirdum-dirdum, and sic din,
Wi' he o'er her, and she o'er him,
The minstrels they did never blin',
Wi' meikle mirth and glee:
And ay they bobbit, and ay they beck't,
And ay their hands thegither met,
With a fal de ral lal, &c.

Louden's bonnie Woods and Braes

Louden's bonny woods and braes,
I maun leave them a' lassie;
Wha can thole whan Britain's faes
Wad gie Britons law, lassie;
Wha wad shun the field o' danger?
Wha frae fame wad live a stranger?
Now, when Freedom bids avenge her,
Wha wad shun her ca', lassie?
Louden's bonny banks and braes
Hae seen our happy bridal days,
And gentle hope shall soothe thy ways,
When I am far awa, lassie.

Hark the swelling bugle sings,
Yielding joy to thee, laddie,
But the dolefu' bugle brings
Waefu' thought to me, laddie:
Lanely I may climb the mountain,
Lanely stray beside the fountain,
Still the weary moments countin',
Far frae love and thee, laddie;

O'er the gory fields of war,
Where Vengeance drives her crimson car,
Thou'lt may be fa', frae me afar,
And nane to close thy ee, laddie.

O resume thy wonted smile!
O suppress thy fears, lassie!
Glorious honour crowns the toil
That the sodger shares, lassie;
Heaven will shield thy faithfu' lover
Till the vengeful strife be over,
Then we'll meet nae mair to sever,
Till the day we die, lassie;
Mid'st our bonny woods and braes
We'll spend our peacefu' happy days,
As blythe's yon lightsome lamb that plays,
On Louden's flowery lee, lassie.

The Highland March.

In the garb of old Gaul, with the fire of Rome,
From the heath-cover'd mountains of Scotia we come;
Where the Romans endeavour'd our country to gain,
But our ancestors fought, and they fought not in vain.
Such our love of liberty, our country, and our laws,
That like our ancestors of old, we'll stand by freedom's cause;
We'll boldly fight like heroes bold, for honour and applause,
And defy the French, with all their art, to alter our laws.

No effeminate customs our sinews embrace;
No luxurious tables enervate our race;
Our loud-sounding pipe breathes the true martial strain,
So do we the old Scottish valour retain.
Such our love, &c.

We're tall as the oak on the mount of the vale,
And swift as the roe which the hound doth assail,
As the full moon in autumn our shields doth appear,
Minerva would dread to encounter our spear.
Such our love, &c.

As a storm in the ocean, when Boreas blows,
So are we enrag'd, when we rush on our foes;
We sons of the mountains, tremendous as rocks,
Dash the force of our foes with our thundering strokes.
Such our love, &c.

Quebec and Cape Briton, the pride of old France,
In their troops fondly boasted till we did advance;
But when our claymores they saw us produce,
Their courage did fail, and they sued for a truce.
Such our love, &c.

In our realm may the faction of fury long cease,
May our councils be wise, and our commerce increase,
And in Scotia's cold climate may each of us find,
That our friends still prove true, and our beauties prove kind.
Then we'll defend our liberty, our country and our laws,
And bring up our posterity to fight in freedom's cause;

That they, like our ancestors bold, for honour and applause,
May defy the French, with all their arts, to alter our laws.

My Heart's in the Highlands.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;
A-chasing the wild deer, and hunting the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.
Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the north,
The birth-place of valour, the country of worth;
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high cover'd with snow,
Farewell to the straths and green vallies below,
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods,
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.
My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;
A-chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

The Spinning o't.

Now, Sandy, the winter's cauld blasts are awa,
And summer we've seen the beginning o't;
I've lang, lang been wearied o' frost and o' snaw,
And sair I am tir'd o' the spinning o't:
For when we were married our cleeding was thin,
And poortith, ye ken, made me eydent to spin,
'Twas fain love o' you that first gart me begin,
And blessings hae follow'd the spinning o't.

When mornings were cauld, and the keen frost and snaw
Were blawin', I mind the beginning o't,
And ye gade to work, be't frost or be't thaw,
And my task was na less at the spinning o't:
But now we've a pantry baith muckle, and fu'
O' ilka thing gude for to gang in the mou';
A barrel o' ale, wi' some maut for to brew,
To mak us forget the beginning o't.

And when winter comes back, wi' the snell hail and rain,
Nae mair I sit down to the spinning o't,
Nor you gang to toil in the cauld fields again,
As little think on the beginning o't:
O' sheep we hae scores, and o' kye twenty-five,
Far less we hae seen wad made us fu' blythe,
But thrift and industry maks poor fock to thrive;
A clear proof o' that is the spinning o't.

Altho' at our marriage our stock was but sma',
And heartless and hard the beginning o't,
When ye was engaged the owsen to ca',
And first my young skill tried the spinning o't:
But now we can dress in our plaidies sae sma',
Fu' neat and fu' clean, gae to kirk or to ha',
And look ay as blythe as the best o' them a',
Sic luck has been at the beginning o't.

Dinna think, bonnie Lassie.

O DINNA think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave you;
Dinna think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave you;

Dinna think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave you;
I'll tak a stick into my hand, and come again and see you.
Far's the gate ye hae to gang, dark's the night and eerie;
Far's the gate ye hae to gang, dark's the night and eerie;
Far's the gate ye hae to gang, dark's the night and eerie,
O stay this ae night wi' your love, and dinna gang and leave me.

It's but a night and hauf a day that I'll leave my dearie;
But a night and hauf a day that I'll leave my dearie;
But a night and hauf a day that I'll leave my dearie;
Whene'er the sun gaes west the loch I'll come again and see thee.
Dinna gang, my bonnie lad, dinna gang and leave me;
Dinna gang, my bonnie lad, dinna gang and leave me;
When a' the lave are sound asleep I am dull and eerie,
And a' the lee-lang night I'm sad, wi' thinking on my dearie.

O dinna think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave you;
Dinna think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave you;
Dinna think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave you;
Whene'er the sun gaes out o' sight, I'll come again and see you.

Waves are rising o'er the sea, winds blaw loud and fear me;
Waves are rising o'er the sea, winds blaw loud and fear me;
While the winds and waves do roar, I am wae and dreary,
And gin ye lo'e me as ye say, ye winna gang and leave me.

O never mair, bonnie lassie, will I gang and leave thee;
Never mair, bonnie lassie, will I gang and leave thee;
Never mair, bonnie lassie, will I gang and leave thee;
E'en let the warld gae as it will, I'll stay at hame and cheer thee.
Frae his hand he coost his stick, I winna gang and leave thee;
Threw his plaid into the neuk, never can I grieve thee;
Drew his boots, and flang them by, cried, my lass be cheerie,
I'll kiss the tear frae aff thy cheek, and never leave my dearie.

Fee him, Father, fee him.

O saw ye Johnny comin? quo' she,
Saw ye Johnny comin?
O saw ye Johnny comin? quo' she,
Saw ye Johnny comin?
O saw ye Johnny comin? quo' she,
Saw ye Johnny comin?

Wi' his blue bonnet on his head,
And his doggie rinin, quo' she,
And his doggie rinin?

O fee him, father, fee him, quo' she,
Fee him, father, fee him;
O fee him, father, fee him, quo' she,
Fee him, father, fee him:
For he is a gallant lad,
And a well-doing, quo' she,
And a' the wark about the town
Gaes weel when I see him, quo' she,
Gaes weel when I see him.

O what will I do wi' him, quo' he,
What will I do wi' him?
He has ne'er a coat upon his back,
And I hae nane to gie him.
I hae twa coats into my kist,
And ane o' them I'll gi'e him
And for a merk o' mair fee
Dinna stand wi' him, quo' she
Dinna stand wi' him.

For weel do I lo'e him, quo' she,
Weel do I lo'e him;
For weel do I lo'e him, quo' she,
Weel do I lo'e him.
O fee him, father, fee him, quo' she,
Fee him, father, fee him;
He'll haud the pleugh, thrash i' the barn,
And crack wi' me at e'en, quo' she,
And crack wi' me at e'en.

Maggie Lauder.

Wha wadna be in love
Wi' bonny Maggie Lauder?
A piper met her gaun to Fife,
And spier'd what was't they ca'd her;
Right scornfully she answer'd him,
Begone, you hallanshaker;
Jog on your gate, you bladderskate,
My name is Maggie Lauder.

Maggie, quoth he, and by my bags,
I'm fidging fain to see thee;
Sit down by me, my bonny bird,
In troth I winna steer thee;
For I'm a piper to my trade,
My name is Rob the Ranter,
The lasses loup as they were daft,
When I blaw up my chanter.

Piper, quoth Meg, hae you your bags?
Or is your drone in order?
If you be Rob, I've heard of you,
Live you upo' the border?
The lasses a', baith far and near,
Hae heard of Rob the Ranter;
I'll shake my foot wi' right good-will,
Gif you'll blaw up your chanter.

Then to his bags he flew wi' speed,
About the drone he twisted;
Meg up and wallop'd o'er the green,
For brawly could she frisk it.

Weel done, quoth he: play up, quoth she:
Weel bob'd, quoth Rob the Ranter;
'Tis worth my while to play, indeed,
When I hae sic a dancer.

Weel hae you play'd your part, quoth Meg,
Your cheeks are like the crimson;
There's nane in Scotland plays sae weel,
Since we lost Habby Simson.
I've liv'd in Fife, baith maid and wife,
These ten years and a quarter;
Gin you should come to Anster Fair,
Spier ye for Maggie Lauder.

O, are ye sleepin, Maggie?

O, ARE ye sleepin, Maggie?
O, are ye sleepin, Maggie?
Let me in, for loud the linn
Is roarin o'er the warlock craigie!
Mirk and rainy is the night,
No a starn in a' the carie,
Lightnings gleam athwart the lift,
And winds drive on wi' winter's fury.

Fearfu' soughs the boor-tree bank,
The rifted wood roars wild and drearie,
Loud the iron yett does clank,
And cry o' howlets maks me eerie.
O, are ye sleepin, &c.

Aboon my breath I daurna speak,
For fear I rise your waukrife daddy;
Cauld's the blast upon my cheek;
O rise, rise my bonny lady.
O, are ye sleepin, &c.

She op't the door, she let him in,
He cuist aside his dreepin plaidie;
"Blaw your warst, ye rain and win',
Since, Maggie, now I'm in aside ye."
Now since ye're wauken, Maggie,
Now since ye're wauken, Maggie,
What care I for howlets cry,
For boor-tree bank, or warlock craigie.

The Hawthorn.

One midsummer morning, all nature look'd gay,
I met my dear Jamie, a-tedding the hay,
Who said, my lovely treasure, come see where I dwell,
Beside the bonny hawthorn that blooms in the vale:
That blooms in the vale, that blooms in the vale;
Beside the bonny hawthorn that blooms in the vale.

He prais'd me, and said that his love was sincere,
Not one on the green was so charming and fair;
I listen'd, with pleasure, to Jamie's tender tale,
Beside the bonny hawthorn, that blooms in the vale.
That blooms, &c.

O hark, bonny Bess, to the birds in yon grove,
How delightfu' they sing, how inviting to love;
The briers, deck'd wi' roses, perfume the fanning gale,
Beside the bonny hawthorn, that blooms in the vale.
That blooms, &c.

His looks were so pleasing, his words soft and kind,
They told me the youth had no guile in his mind;

My heart, too, confess'd him the flower of the dale,
Beside the bonny hawthorn, that blooms in the vale.
That blooms, &c.

I try'd for to go, and oft said I could not stay,
But he would not leave me, nor let me away;
Still pressing his suit, at last he did prevail,
Beside the bonny hawthorn, that blooms in the vale.
That blooms, &c.

Now tell me, ye maidens, how I could refuse,
His lips were so sweet, and so binding his vows;
We went and were married, and most cordially we dwell,
Beside the bonny hawthorn, that blooms in the vale.
That blooms, &c.

The Maid of Ilay.

Rising o'er the heaving billow,
Ev'ning gilds the ocean's swell,
While with thee, on grassy pillow,
Solitude I love to dwell.
Lonely to the sea-breeze blowing,
Oft I chaunt my love-lorn strain,
To the streamlet sweetly flowing,
Murmur oft a lover's pain.

'Twas for her, the maid of Ilay,
Time flew o'er me, wing'd with joy;
'Twas for her the cheering smile ay
Beam'd with rapture in my eye.
Not the tempest raving round me,
Lightning's flash, or thunder's roll;
Not the ocean's rage could wound me,
While her image fill'd my soul.

Farewell days of purest pleasure,
Long your loss my heart shall mourn!
Farewell hours of bliss, the measure,
Bless that never can return!
Cheerless o'er the wild heath wandering;
Cheerless o'er the wave-worn shore;
On the past with sadness pond'ring,
Hope's fair visions charm no more!

Thou art gane awa frae me, Mary.

Thou art gane awa, thou art gane awa,
Thou art gane awa frae me, Mary;
Nor friends nor I could make thee stay,
Thou hast cheated them and me, Mary;
Until this hour I never thought
That aught could alter thee, Mary;
Thou'rt still the mistress of my heart,
Think what you will of me, Mary.

Whate'er he said, or might pretend,
That staw that heart o' thine, Mary;
True love, I'm sure, was ne'er his end,
Or nae sic love as mine, Mary.
I spake sincere, nor flatter'd much,
Nae selfish thoughts in me, Mary;
Ambition, wealth, nor naething such;
No! I lov'd only thee, Mary.

Tho' you've been false, yet, while I live,
I'll lo'e nae maid but thee, Mary;
Let friends forget, as I forgive
Thy wrangs to them and me, Mary.
So then, fareweel! of this be sure,
Since you've been false to me, Mary;

For a' the world I'd not endure
Hauf what I've done for thee, Mary.

The auld Man's Mare's dead.

The auld man's mare's dead,
The poor man's mare's dead,
The auld man's mare's dead,
A mile aboon Dundee.

She was cut luggit, painch lippit,
Steel waimit, staincher fittit,
Chanler chaftit, lang neckit,
Yet the brute did die!
The auld man's, &c.

Her lawnzie banes were knaggs and neuks,
She had the cleeks, the cauld, the crooks,
The jawpish and the wanton yeuks,
And the howks aboon her ee.
The auld man's, &c.

My master rade me to the town,
He ty'd me to a staincher roun',
He took a chappin to himsel,
But fient a drap gae me.
The auld man's, &c.

The auld man's mare's dead,
The poor man's mare's dead,
The peats and touts and a' to lead,
And yet the jade did die!
The auld man's, &c.

Where braving angry Winter's Storms.

WHERE braving angry winter's storms,
The lofty Ochels rise,
Far in their shade, my Peggy's charms,
First blest my wondering eyes.
As one who, by some savage stream,
A lonely gem surveys,
Astonish'd, doubly marks its beam,
With art's most polish'd blaze.

Blest be the wild sequester'd shade,
And blest the day and hour,
Where Peggy's charms I first survey'd,
When first I felt their power.
The tyrant, Death, with grim control,
May seize my fleeting breath,
But tearing Peggy from my soul,
Must be a stronger death.

We'll put a Sheep-head i' the Pat.

WE'LL put a sheep-head i' the pat,
Horns and a' thegither,
And that will mak dainty gude broth,
And we'll a' sup thegither.
We'll a' sup thegither,
We'll a' lie thegither;
We'll hae nae mair beds but ane,
Until it be warmer weather.

The woo will lythe the kail,
The horns will serve for bread;

By that ye'll a' ken the virtue
Of a gude sheep-head.
We'll a' sup, &c.

Some will lie at the head,
Some will lie at the feet,
Jock Cuddie will lie i' the middle,
For he likes a' the heat.
We'll a' lie, &c.

Auld Robin Gray.

YOUNG Jamie lo'ed me weel, and he sought me for his bride,
But saving a crown, he had naething beside;
To mak that crown a pund, my Jamie gade to sea,
And the crown and the pund were baith for me.
He had na been awa, a week but only twa,
When my mither she fell sick, and the cow was stown awa;
My father brak his arm, and my Jamie at the sea,
And auld Robin Gray cam a-courting me.

My father cou'dna work, and my mither cou'dna spin;
I toil'd day and night, but their bread I cou'dna win;
Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and wi' tears in his ee,
Said Jenny, for their sakes, O! marry me.
My heart it said nay, I look'd for Jamie back;
But the wind it blew high, and the ship it prov'd a wreck;

The ship it prov'd a wreck, why didna Jenny die?
And why do I live to say, waes me?

Auld Robin argued sair, though my mither didna speak,
She look'd in my face till my heart was like to break;
So they gied him my hand, tho' my heart was at the sea,
And auld Robin Gray is a gude man to me.
I hadna been a wife a week but only four,
When sitting sae mournfully at the door,
I saw my Jamie's wraith, for I cou'dna think it he,
Until he said, Jenny, I'm come to marry thee.

O, sair did we greet, and muckle did we say,
We took but ae kiss, and tore ourselves away:
I wish I were dead, but I'm nae like to die,
And why do I live, to say wae's me?
I gang like a ghaist, I carena to spin,
I darena think on Jamie, for that wad be a sin;
But I'll do my best a gude wife to be,
For auld Robin Gray is kind unto me.

Patie's Wedding.

As Patie cam up frae the glen,
Driving his wethers before him,
He met bonnie Meg ganging hame,
Whase beauty was like for to smore him.
O dinna ye ken, bonnie Meg,
That you and I's gaun to be married;
I rather had broken my leg,
Before sic a bargain miscarried.

Na, Patie,—O wha's tell'd you that?
I think that of news they've been scanty,
That I should be married so soon,
Or yet should hae been sae flanty,—
I winna be married the year,
Suppose I were courted by twenty;
Sae, Patie, ye needna mair spier,
For weel a wat I dinna want ye.

Now, Maggie, what maks ye sae sweer,
Is't 'cause that I hae nae a maillin,
The lad that has plenty o' gear
Need ne'er want a hauf or a hale ane:
My dad has a good grey mare,
And your's has twa cows and a filly;
And that will be plenty o' gear,
Sae Maggie be no sae ill-willy.

Indeed, Patie, I dinna ken,
But first ye maun spier at my daddy,
You're as well born as Ben,
And I canna say but I'm ready.
There's plenty o' yarn in clues,
To mak me a coat and a jimpy,
And plaiden eneugh to be trews,
Gif ye get me, I shanna scrimp ye.

Now, fair fa' ye, my bonny Meg,
I'se let a wee smacky fa' on you;
May my neck be as lang as my leg,
If I be an ill husband unto you.
Sae gang your way hame e'now,
Mak ready gin this day fifteen days,
And tell your father the news,
That I'll be his son in great kindness.

Then Maggie, as blythe as a wren
After a blast o' ill weather,
Gaed a' the hale gate, singing, hame,
To tell the glad news to her father;
But ay the auld man said to her,
Ye'll no be in this mind till Monday;
O never you mind, quo' Maggie,
For I got a kiss to the bounty.

It was nae lang after that,
Wha came to our bigging but Patie,
Weel drest in a braw new coat,
And wow but he thought himself pretty;
His bannet was little frae new,
In it was a loop and a slitty,
To tie in a ribbon sae blue,
To bob at the neck o' his coaty.

Then Patie came in wi' a stend,
Said, Peace be here to the bigging;
You're welcome, quo' William, come ben,
Or I wish it may rive frae the rigging.
Now draw in your seat and sit down,
And tell's a' your news in a hurry;
And haste ye, Meg, and be done,
And hing on the pan wi' the berry.

Quoth Patie, my news is nae thrang;
Yestreen I was wi' his Honour;
I've ta'en three rigs of bra' land,
And hae bound mysel under a bonour.
And now my errant to you,
Is for Maggie to help me to labour;
I think you maun gie's the best cow,
Because that our haddin's but sober

Well now, for to help you thro',
I'll be at the cost of the bridal,
I'se cut the craig of the ewe
That had amaist died of the side-ill;
And that 'ill be plenty o' bree,
Sae lang as our will is nae reisted,
To all the gude neighbours and we,
And I think we'll no be that ill feasted.

Quoth Patie, O that 'ill do well,
And I'll gie you your brose in the morning,
O' kail that was made yestreen,
For I like them best in the forenoon.
Sae Tam the piper did play,
And ilka ane danc'd that was willing,
And a' the lave they rank'd through,
And they held the stoupy ay filling.

The auld wives sat and they chow'd,
And when that the carles grew nappy,
They danc'd as weel as they dow'd,
Wi' a crack o' their thumbs and a cappie.
The lad that wore the white band,
I think they ca'd him Jamie Mather,
He took the bride by the hand,
And cry'd to play up Maggy Lauder.

Tak your auld Cloak about ye.

In winter when the rain rain'd cauld,
And frost and snaw on ilka hill,
And Boreas, wi' his blasts sae bauld,
Was threat'ning a' our kye to kill,
Then Bell, my wife, wha lo'es na strife,
She said to me, right hastily,

Get up, goodman, save Crummie's life,
And tak your auld cloak about ye.

My Crummie is a useful cow,
And she is come of a good kyne;
Aft has she wet the bairns' mou,
And I am laith that she should tyne;
Get up, gudeman, it is fu' time,
The sun shines frae the lift sae hie;
Sloth never made a gracious end,
Gae tak your auld cloak about ye.

My cloak was ance a good grey cloak,
When it was fitting for my wear;
But now it's scantly worth a groat,
For I hae worn't this thretty year;
Let's spend the gear that we have won,
We little ken the day we'll die:
Then I'll be proud, since I hae sworn
To hae a new cloak about me.

In days when our king Robert rang,
His trews they cost but hauf-a-crown
He said they were a groat o'er dear,
And ca'd the taylor thief and loun;
He was the king that wore a crown,
And thou a man of laigh degree,
'Tis pride puts a' the country down,
Sae tak your auld cloak about ye.

Every land has its ain laugh,
Ilk kind of corn has its ain hool,
I think the warld is a' run daft,
When ilka wife her man wad rule;
Do ye not see Rob, Jock, and Hab,
How they are girded gallantly,

While I sit hurklin in the ase;
I'll hae a new cloak about me.

Gudeman, I wat, 'tis thretty years,
Since we did ane anither ken;
And we hae had, atween us twa,
Of lads and bonny lasses, ten:
Now they are women grown and men,
I wish and pray weel may they be;
And if you prove a gude husband,
E'en tak your auld cloak about ye.

Bell, my wife, she lo'es nae strife;
But she wad guide me, if she can,
And to maintain an easy life,
I aft maun yield, tho' I'm gudeman;
Nought's to be won at woman's hand,
Unless ye gie her a' the plea;
Sae I'll leave aff where I began,
And tak my auld cloak me about me.

Sandy o'er the Lee.

I WINNA marry ony man but Sandy o'er the lee;
I winna marry ony man but Sandy o'er the lee:
I winna hae the dominee, for guid he canna be,
But I will hae my Sandy lad, my Sandy o'er the lee.
For he's ay a-kissing, kissing, ay a-kissing, me;
He's ay a-kissing, kissing, ay a-kissing me.

I winna hae the minister for all his godly looks,
Nor yet will I the lawyer hae, for a' his wily crooks;

I winna have the plowman lad, nor yet will I the miller,
But I will hae my Sandy lad without a penny siller.
For he's ay a-kissing, &c.

I winna hae the soldier lad for he gangs to the war;
I winna hae the sailor lad because he smells of tar;
I winna hae the lord nor laird for all their meikle gear,
But I will hae my Sandy lad, my Sandy o'er the muir.
For he's ay a-kissing, &c.

Jockey.

My laddie is gane far away o'er the plain,
While in sorrow behind I am forc'd to remain.
Tho' blue bells and vi'lets the hedges adorn;
Tho' trees are in blossom, and sweet blows the thorn;
No pleasure they give me, in vain they look gay,
There's nothing can please now, my Jockey's away,
Forlorn I sit singing, and this is my strain:
Haste, haste my dearest Jockey, haste, haste my dearest Jockey,
Haste, haste, my dearest Jockey, to me back again.

When the lads and their lasses are on the green met,
They dance and they sing, they laugh and they chat;
Contented and happy, their hearts full of glee,
I can't without envy their merriment see:
Those pastimes offend me, my shepherd's not there,
No pleasure I relish that Jockey don't share;

It makes me to sigh, I from tears scarce refrain,
I wish my dear Jockey return'd back again.

But hope shall sustain me, nor will I despair,
He promis'd he would in a fortnight be here;
On fond expectation my wishes I'll feast,
For love my dear Jockey to Jenny will haste.
Then farewell each care, and adieu each vain sigh,
Who'll then be so blest or so happy as I;
I'll sing on the meadows, and alter my strain,
When Jockey returns to my arms back again.

Low down in the Broom.

My daddy is a canker'd carle,
He'll no twine wi' his gear:
My minny, she's a scaulding wife,
Hauds a' the house asteer.
But let them say, or let them do,
It's a' ane to me;
For he's low down, he's in the broom,
That's waiting on me;
Waiting on me, my love,
He's waiting on me;
For he's low down, he's in the broom,
That's waiting on me.

My aunty Kate sits at the wheel,
And sair she lightlies me;
But weel ken I it's a' envy,
For ne'er a jo has she.
But let them say, &c.

My cousin Kate was sair beguil'd
Wi' Johnny i' the glen;

And ay sinsyne she cries, beware
Of false deluding men.
But let them say, &c.

Gleed Sandy he cam wast ae night,
And spier'd when I saw Pate?
And ay sin syne the neighbours round
They jeer me air and late;
But let them say, or let them do,
It's a' ane to me;
For I'll gae to the bonny lad
That's waiting on me;
Waiting on me, my love,
He's waiting on me;
For he's low down, he's in the broom,
That's waiting on me.

Waly, Waly.

O WALY, waly, up yon bank,
And waly, waly, down yon brae,
And waly by yon river side,
Where I and my love wont to gae.
O waly, waly, love is bonnie,
A little while when it is new;
But when its auld it waxes cauld,
And wears awa like morning dew.

I leant my back unto an aik,
I thought it was a trusty tree;
But first it bow'd, and then it brake,
And sae did my fause love to me.
When cockle-shells turn silver bells,
And mussels grow on ev'ry tree,

When frost and snaw shall warm us a',
  Then shall my love prove true to me.

Now Arthur's Seat shall be my bed,
  The sheets shall ne'er be fyl'd by me;
St Anthon's well shall be my drink,
  Since my fause love's forsaken me.
O Mart'mas wind, when wilt thou blaw,
  And shake the green leaves aff the tree?
O gentle death, when wilt thou come,
  And tak a life that wearies me?

It's not the frost that freezes fell,
  Nor blawing snaw's inclemency;
It's not the cauld that makes me cry,
  But my love's heart grown cauld to me.
When we cam in by Glasgow town,
  We were a comely sight to see;
My love was clad in velvet black,
  And I mysel in cramasie.

But had I wist before I kist,
  That love had been sae ill to win,
I'd lock'd my heart in a case of gold,
  And pin'd it with a silver pin.
Oh! oh! if my young babe were born,
  And set upon the nurse's knee,
And I mysel were dead and gane,
  For maid again I'll never be.

Within a Mile of Edinburgh.

'Twas within a mile of Edinburgh town,
  In the rosy time of the year,
Sweet flowers bloom'd, and the grass was down,
  And each shepherd wooed his dear:

Bonny Jockey, blythe and gay,
Kiss'd sweet Jenny making hay;
The lassie blush'd, and frowning cry'd, Na, na, it winna do;
I canna, canna, winna, winna, manna buckle to.

Jockey was a wag that never wad wed,
Tho' lang he had follow'd the lass,
Contented she earn'd and eat her brown bread,
And merrily turn'd up the grass:
Bonny Jockey, blyth and free,
Won her heart right merrily,
Yet still she blush'd, and frowning cry'd, Na, na, it winna do,
I canna, canna, winna, winna, manna buckle to.

But when he vow'd he wad mak her his bride,
Tho' his flocks and herds were na few,
She gave him her hand, and a kiss beside,
And vow'd she'd for ever be true;
Bonny Jockey, blyth and free,
Won her heart right merrily,
At church she no more frowning cry'd, na, na, it winna do,
I canna, canna, winna, winna, manna buckle to.

My ain kind Dearie, O.

Will ye gang o'er the lee-rig,
My ain kind dearie O,
And cuddle there fu' kindly,
Wi' me, my kind dearie O

At thornie dike, and birken tree,
We'll daff, and ne'er be weary O:
They'll scug ill een frae you and me,
Mine ain kind dearie O.

Nae herds wi' kent, or colly there,
Shall ever come to fear ye, O;
But lav'rocks, whistling in the air,
Shall woo, like me, their dearie, O!

While others herd their lambs and ewes,
And toil for warld's gear, my jo,
Upon the lee my pleasure grows,
Wi' you, my kind dearie, O.

The Flowers of the Forest.

I'VE heard them lilting, at the ewe-milking,
Lasses a' lilting, before dawn of day;
But now they are moaning, on ilka green loaning;
The flowers of the Forest are a' wed away.

At bughts, in the morning, nae blythe lads are scorning;
Lasses are lonely, and dowie, and wae;
Nae daffing, nae gabbing, but sighing and sabbing,
Ilk ane lifts her leglin, and hies her away.

In har'st, at the sheering, nae youths now are jeering;
Bandsters are wrunkled, and lyart or grey,
At fair, or at preaching, nae wooing nae fleeching;
The flowers of the Forest are a' wed away.

At e'en, in the gloaming, nae younkers are roaming
'Bout stacks, with the lasses at bogle to play;

But ilk ane sits dreary, lamenting her dearie—
The flowers of the Forest are wedded away.

Dool and wae for the order sent our lads to the Border!
The English, for ance, by guile wan the day:
The flowers of the Forest, that fought ay the foremost,
The prime of our land are cauld in the clay.

We'll hear nae mair lilting, at the ewe milking;
Women and bairns are heartless and wae:
Sighing and moaning, on ilka green loaning—
The flowers of the Forest are a' wed away.

Whistle and I'll come to you.

O WHISTLE and I'll come to you, my lad,
O whistle, &c.
Tho' father and mother, and a' should gae mad,
O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad.
Come down the back stairs when ye come to court me;
Come down, &c.
Come down the back stairs, and let naebody see,
And come as ye were nae coming to me.
And come, &c.

O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad,
O whistle, &c.
Tho' father and mother, and a' should gae mad,
O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad.
At kirk or at market, whene'er ye meet me,
Gang by me as tho' that ye car'd nae a flee;

But steal me a blink o' your bonny black ee,
Yet look as ye were na looking at me.
Yet look, &c.

O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad,
O whistle, &c.
Tho' father and mother, and a' should gae mad,
O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad.
Ay vow and protest that ye carena for me,
And whyles ye may lightly my beauty a-wee:
But court na anither, tho' joking ye be,
For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me.
For fear, &c.

The Miller.

O MERRY may the maid be
That marries the miller,
For foul day and fair day
He's ay bringing till her.
He's ay a penny in his purse,
For dinner and for supper,
And gin she please a good fat cheese,
And lumps of yellow butter.

When Jamie first did woo me,
I spier'd what was his calling;
Fair maid, says he, O come and see,
Ye're welcome to my dwalling;
Tho' I was shy, yet I could spy
The truth of what he told me,
And that his house was warm and couth,
And room enough to hold me.

Behint the door a bag o' meal,
And in the kist was plenty
Of good hard cakes his mither bakes,
And bannocks were na scanty;
A good fat sow, a sleeky cow
Was standing in the byre;
Whilst lazy puss with meally mouse
Was playing at the fire.

Good signs are these, my mither says,
And bids me tak the miller:
For foul day and fair day
He's ay bringing till her;
For meal and malt she does na want,
Nor ony thing that's dainty;
And now and then a keckling hen
To lay her eggs in plenty.

In winter, when the wind and rain
Blaws o'er the house and byre,
He sits beside a clean hearth-stane
Before a rousing fire;
With nut-brown ale he tells his tale,
Which rows him o'er fu' nappy;
Who'd be a king—a petty thing,
When a miller lives sae happy.

Jessie, the Flower o' Dumblane.

The sun has gane down o'er the lofty Benlomond,
And left the red clouds to preside o'er the scene;

While lanely I stray in the calm simmer gloaming,
To muse on sweet Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane.
How sweet is the brier, wi' its saft-faulding blossom,
And sweet is the birk, wi' its mantle o' green;
Yet sweeter and fairer, and dear to this bosom,
Is lovely young Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane.

She's modest as ony, and blythe as she's bonny,
For guileless simplicity marks her its ain;
And far be the villain, divested o' feeling,
Wha'd blight in its bloom the sweet flow'r o' Dumblane.
Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy hymn to the e'ening,
Thou'rt dear to the echoes of Calderwood glen;
Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and winning,
Is charming young Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane.

How lost was my time, till I met wi' my Jessie,
The sports of the city seem'd foolish and vain;
I ne'er saw a nymph I would ca' my dear lassie,
Till charm'd wi' sweet Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane.
Tho' mine were the station o' loftiest grandeur,
Amidst its profusion I'd languish in pain;
And reckon as naething the height o' its splendour,
If wanting sweet Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane.

Willy was a wanton Wag.

Willy was a wanton wag,
The blythest lad that e'er I saw,
At bridals still he bore the brag,
And carried ay the gree awa;
His doublet was of Zetland shag,
O wow! but Willy he was braw,
And at his shoulder hang a tag,
That pleas'd the lasses best of a'.

He was a man without a clag,
His heart was frank without a flaw;
And ay whatever Willy said,
It was still hadden as a law.
His boots they were made of the jag;
When he went to the weaponshaw,
Upon the green nane durst him brag,
The feind a ane amang them a'.

And was not Willy weel worth gowd?
He wan the love o' great and sma';
For after he the bride had kiss'd,
He kiss'd the lasses halesale a';
Sae merrily round the ring they row'd,
When by the hand he led them a',
And smack on smack on them bestow'd,
By virtue of a standing law.

And was nae Willy a great loon,
As shyre a lick as e'er was seen?
When he'd danc'd wi' the lasses round,
The bridegroom speer'd whare he had been.

Quoth Willy I've been at the ring,
With bobbing, faith, my shanks are sair;
Gae ca' your bride and maidens in,
For Willy he dow do nae mair.

Then rest ye, Willy, I'll gae out,
And for a wee fill up the ring;
But, shame light on his souple snout,
He wanted Willy's wanton fling.
Then straight he to the bride did fare,
Says, weel's me on your bonny face,
With bobbing Willy's shanks are sair,
And I'm come out to fill his place.

Bridegroom, she says, you'll spoil the dance
And at the ring you'll ay be lag,
Unless like Willy ye advance:
O! Willy has a wanton wag:
For we't he learns us a' to steer,
And foremost ay bears up the ring;
We will find nae sic dancing here,
If we want Willy's wanton fling.

Loch Eroch side.

As I came by Loch Eroch side,
The lofty hills surveying,
The water clear, the heather blooms
Their fragrant sweets conveying.
I met, unsought, my lovely maid,
I found her like May-morning;
With graces sweet, and charms so rare
Her person all adorning.

How kind her looks, how blest was I,
When in my arms I press'd her!
And she her wishes scarce conceal'd,
As fondly I caress'd her.
She said, if that your heart be true,
If constantly you'll love me,
I heed not cares nor fortune's frowns,
Nor ought but death shall move me.

But faithful, loving, true, and kind,
Forever you shall find me,
And of our meeting here so sweet,
Loch Eroch side will mind me.
Enraptur'd then, 'my lovely lass!
I cry'd, no more we'll tarry,
But leave the fair Loch Eroch side,
For lovers soon should marry.'

Bonny Christy.

How sweetly smells the simmer green!
Sweet tastes the peach and cherry:
Painting and order please our een,
And claret makes us merry:
But finest colours, fruits, and flowers,
And wine, though I be thristy,
Lose a' their charms and weaker powers,
Compar'd with those of Christy.

When wand'ring o'er the flow'ry park,
No natural beauty wanting,
How lightsome is't to hear the lark,
And birds in concert chanting!

But if my Christy tunes her voice,
I m rapt in admiration ;
My thoughts with ecstasies rejoice,
And drap the hale creation.

Whene'er she smiles a kindly glance,
I take the happy omen,
And aften mint to mak advance,
' Hoping she'll prove a woman:
But dubious of my ain desert,
My sentiments I smother ;
With secret sighs I vex my heart,
For fear she loves another.

Thus sang blate Edie by a burn,
His Christy did o'er-hear him ;
She doughtna let her lover mourn,
But e'er he wist drew near him.
She spake her favour wi' a look,
Which left nae room to doubt her ;
He wisely this kind minute took,
And flang his arms about her.

My Christy !—witness, bonny stream,
Sic joy frae fears arising,
I wish this mayna be a dream,
O love the maist surprising !
Time was too precious now for talk ;
This point of a' his wishes
He wadna with set speeches bauk,
But war'd it a' on kisses.

The Rock and the wee pickle Tow.

THERE was an auld wife had a wee pickle tow,
And she wad gae try the spinning o't;
But looting her down, her rock took a low,
And that was an ill beginning o't.
She spat on't, she flet on't, and trampt on its pow,
But a' that she did only blew up the low;
She curs'd baith the rock and the wee pickle tow,
Alack! for the dreary spinning o't.

I've wanted a sark for these eight years and ten,
And this was to be the beginning o't;
But I vow I shall want it for as lang again,
Or ever I try the spinning o't.
For never, since ever they ca'd me's they ca' me,
Did sic a mishap and mishanter befa' me;
Ye shall hae leave baith to hang me and draw me,
If ever I try the spinning o't.

I hae kept a house for these threescore o' years,
And never did try the spinning o't;
But how I was sarked, foul fa' them that spiers,
It minds me upo' the beginning o't.
But women are now-a-days turned sae braw,
That ilk ane maun hae a sark, some maun hae twa,
The warld was better when the fient ane ava,
To hinder the first beginning o't.

Foul fa' them that ever advised me to spin,
That had been sae lang o' beginning o't;
I weel might hae ended as I did begin,
Nor got sic a fear wi' the spinning o't;

But they say she's a wise wife wha kens her ain
weird;
I thought ance on a day it wad never be spier'd,
How loot ye the lowe tak the rock by the beard,
When ye gade to try the spinning o't?

The spinning, the spinning it gars my heart sab,
When I think upon the beginning o't;
I thought ere I died to hae made me a wab,
But still I had weirs o' the spinning o't.
But had I nine daughters, as I hae but three,
The safest and soundest advice I wad gie,
Is that they frae spinning wad keep their hands
free,
For fear o' a bad beginning o't.

Yet in spite of my counsel, if they will needs run
The drearisome task o' the spinning o't,
Let them seek a lown place in the heat o' the sun,
And there venture on the beginning o't.
But to do as I did, alas and avow!
To busk up my rock by the cheek o' the lowe,
Some may say that I had little wit in my pow,
And as little to do wi' the spinning o't.

But yet, after a', there is ae thing that grieves
My heart, to think on the beginning o't;
Had I win but the length o' ae pair o' sleeves,
Then there wad been word o' the spinning o't:
Then I'd hae them washin and bleached like snaw,
And on my twa gardies like muggons to draw,
And then fouk wad say that auld Grizzy was braw,
And a' was upon her ain spinning o't.

But gin I wad shog about till a new spring,
I should yet hae a bout at the spinning o't;

A mutchkin o' lintseed I'd in the yird fling,
For a' the wanchancie beginning o't.
I'll gar my ain Tammie gang down to the howe,
And cut me a rock o' the withershin's grow,
O' gude rantry-tree, for to carry my tow,
And a spindle o' the same for the twining o't.

For now when I mind me, I met Maggy Grim,
That morning, just at the beginning o't;
She was ne'er ca'd chancy, but unlucky and slim,
And sae it has far'd o' my spinning o't.
But gin my new rock were ance cutted and dry,
I'se a' Maggie's can and her cantrips defy,
And, but ony soothing, the spinning I'll try,
And ye'se a' hear o' the beginning o't.

Quo' Tibby, her daughter, tak tent what ye say,
The never a rag we'll be seeking o't;
Gin ye ance begin, ye'll traverse night and day,
Sae it's vain ony mair to be speaking o't.
Since Lammas I'm now gane thirty and twa,
And ne'er a dud sark had I yet, great or sma',
And what waur am I? I'm as warm and as braw
As thrummy-tail'd Meg, that's a spinner o't.

To labour lint land, and then buy the seed,
And then to yoke me to the harrowing o't,
And syne hobble amang't, and pick out ilka weed,
Like a swine in a sty, at the farrowing o't:
Syne bowing, and rippling, and steeping, and then
To gar's gae and spread it upon the cauld plain;
And then, after a', maybe labour in vain,
When the wind and the weet gets fushon on't.

But if it should happen the weather to bide,
Wi' beetles we're set to the drubbing o't;

And then frae our fingers to gudge a' the hide,
Wi' the wearisome wark o' the spinning o't.
And syne ilka tait maun be heckled out-thro',
The lint putten ae gate, anither the tow,
Syne on a rock with it, and it taks a low:
The back o' my hand to the spinning o't.

Quo' Jenny, I think, woman, ye're in the right,
Set your feet a-spar to the spinning o't;
We may tak our advice frae our ain mither's fright,
That she gat when she tried the spinning o't.
But they'll say that auld fouk are twice bairns indeed,
And sae has she kyth'd it, but there is nae need,
To sic an amshah that we drive out o' head,
As lang's we're sae scar'd frae the spinning o't.

Quo' Nancy, the youngest, I've now heard you a',
And dowie's your doom o' the spinning o't;
Gin ye fan, the cow flings, the cog's cast awa,
Ye may see where ye'll lick up your winning o't.
But I see that by spinning ye'll never be braw,
But gae by the name o' a dilp or a daw;
But lick where ye like, I shall ance shake a fa',
Afore I be dung wi' the spinning o't.

For weel can I mind me, when black Willie Bell
Had Tibbie there, just at the winning o't,
What blew up the bargain, she kens weel hersel,
Was the want o' the knack o' the spinning o't.
And now, poor woman, for ought that I ken,
She never may get sic an offer again,
But pine away, bit and bit, like Jenkin's hen,
And naething to wyte but the spinning o't.

But were it for naething but just that alane,
I shall yet hae a bout at the spinning o't;

They may cast me, and e'en ca' me black at the bane,
But no 'cause I shunn'd the beginning o't.
But be that as it happens, I carena a strae,
For nane o' the lads e'er shall hae it to say,
When he comes to woo, she kens naething ava,
Nor has ony can at the spinning o't.

It's needless for us to tak our remarks
Frae our mither's miscooking the spinning o't;
She never kend ought o' the gude o' the sarks,
Frae this a' back to the spinning o't.
Three ell o' plaiding was a' that was sought
By our auld wally bodies, and that boot be bought,
For in ilka town sickan things were nae wrought,
Sae little they kend o' the spinning o't.

Jeanie's Black Ee.

The sun raise sae rosy, the grey hills adorning,
Light sprung the lav'rock and mounted hae hie;
When true to the tryst o' blythe May's dewy morning,
My Jeanie cam linking out owre the green lea.
To mark her impatience, I crap 'mang the brakens,
Aft, aft to the kend gate she turn'd her black ee;
Then lying down dowylie, sigh'd by the willow tree.
'*Ha me mohatel no dousku me.*'*

Saft thro' the green birks I sta' to my jewel,
Streik'd on spring's carpet aneath the saugh tree—

* I am asleep do not waken me.

Think na, dear lassie, thy Willie's been cruel—
'*Ha me mohatel na dousku me.*'
'Wi' love's warm sensations I've mark'd your impatience,
Lang hid 'mang the brakens I watch'd your black ee,—
You're no sleeping, pawkie Jean, open thae lovely een,'
'*Ha me mohatel na dousku me.*'

'Bright is the whin's bloom, ilk green knowe adorning,
Sweet is the primrose bespangled wi' dew,
Yonder comes Peggy to welcome May morning,
Dark wave her haffet-locks o'er her white brow:
O, light, light she's dancing keen on the smooth gowany green,
Barefit and kilted half up to the knee,
While Jeanie is sleeping still, I'll rin and sport my fill.'—
"I was asleep and ye've waken'd me."

'I'll rin and whirl her round; Jeanie is sleeping sound;
Kiss her and clasp her fast, nae ane can see;
Sweet, sweet's her hinny mou!'—"Will, I'm no sleeping now,
I was asleep, but ye wakened me."
Laughing till like to drap, swith to my Jean I lap,
Kiss'd her ripe roses, and blest her black ee;
And ay since, whane'er we met, sing, for the sound is sweet,
'*Ha me mohatel na dousku me.*'

Caledonia.

THEIR groves o' sweet myrtles, let foreign lands reckon,
Where bright beaming summers exhale their perfume;
Far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green breckan,
Wi' the burn stealing under the lang yellow broom;
Far dearer to me yon humble broom bowers,
Where the blue-bell and gowan lurk lowly unseen;
For there, lightly tripping amang the wild flowers,
A-list'ning the linnet, aft wanders my Jean.

Though rich is the breeze in their gay sunny valleys,
And cauld Caledonia's blast on the wave;
Their sweet-scented woodlands, that skirt the proud palace,
What are they?—the haunt o' the tyrant and slave!
The slave's spicy forests, and gold-bubbling fountains,
The brave Caledonian views wi' disdain;
He wanders as free as the wind on his mountains,
Save love's willing fetters—the chains o' his Jean.

Gloomy Winter's now awa'.

GLOOMY winter's now awa,
Saft the western breezes blaw:
'Mang the birks o' Stanley shaw
The mavis sings fu' cheery O.

Sweet the craw-flow'r's early bell
Decks Gleniffer's dewy dell,
Blooming like thy bonny sel',
My young, my artless dearie O.
Come, my lassie, let us stray
O'er Glenkilloch's sunny brae;
Blythely spend the gowden day,
Midst joys that never weary O.

Tow'ring o'er the Newton woods,
Lavrocks fan the snaw-white clouds;
Siller saughs, wi' downy buds,
Adorn the banks sae briery O.
Round the sylvan fairy nooks,
Feath'ry breckans fringe the rocks,
'Neath the brae the burnie jouks,
And ilka thing looks cheery O.
Trees may bud, and birds may sing,
Flowers may bloom, and verdure spring,
Joy to me they canna bring,
Unless wi' thee, my dearie O.

I had a Horse.

I HAD a horse, and I had nae mair,
I gat it frae my daddie;
My purse was light, and my heart was sair,
But my wit it was fu' ready.
So I bethought me on a time,
Outwittens o' my daddie,
To fee mysel to a Lawland laird,
Wha had a bonny lady.

I wrote a letter, and thus began:
'Madam, be not offended;

I'm owre the lugs in love wi' you
And carena though ye kend it:
For I get little frae the laird,
And far less frae my daddy,
Yet I wad blythely be the man,
Wad strive to please my lady.'

She read my letter, and she leugh;
'Ye needna been sae blate, man,
Ye might hae come to me yoursel,
And tauld me a' your state, man:
Ye might hae come to me yoursel,
Outwittens o' ony body,
And made John Goukston o' the laird,
And kiss'd his bonny lady.'

Then she pat siller in my purse,
We drank wine frae a cogie;
She fee'd a man to rub my horse,
And vow, but I was vogie!
But I ne'er gat sae sair a fleg
Since first I left my daddie;
The laird cam, rap, rap! to the yett,
When I was wi' his lady.

Then she pat me behint a chair,
And hap'd me wi' a plaidy;
Where I lay like to swarf wi' fear,
And wish'd me wi' my daddie.
The laird gade out, he saw na me,
I stay'd till I was ready;
I promis'd, but I ne'er gade back
To see his bonny lady.

Braes o' Gleniffer.

KEEN blaws the win' o'er the Braes o' Gleniffer,
The auld castle turrets are cover'd wi' snaw;
How chang'd frae the time when I met wi' my lover,
Amang the broom bushes by Stanley green shaw:
The wild flow'rs o' simmer were spread a' sae bonny,
The mavis sang sweet frae the green birken tree;
But far to the camp they hae march'd my dear Johnnie,
An' now it is winter wi' nature an' me.
An' now it is winter wi' nature an' me.

Then ilk thing around us was blythesome and cheery,
Then ilk thing around us was bonny an' braw;
Now naething is heard but the win' whistlin' dreary,
An' naething is seen but the wide-spreading snaw:
The trees are a' bare, an' the birds mute an' dowie,
They shake the cauld drift frae their wings as they flee,
An' chirp out their 'plaints, seeming wae for my Johnnie;
'Tis winter wi' them, an' 'tis winter wi' me.

Yon cauld sleety cloud skiffs along the bleak mountains,
An' shakes the dark firs on the stey rocky brae,
While down the deep glen bawls the snaw-flooded fountains,
That murmur'd sae sweet to my laddie an' me:
Its not its loud roar on the wintry win' swellin';
Its not the cauld blast brings the tear i' my ee;
For O gin I saw my bonny Scotch callan,
The dark days o' winter were simmer to me.

Bruce's Address.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled;
Scots, whom Bruce has aften led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to glorious victory.

Now's the day, and now's the hour,
See the front of battle low'r!
See approach proud Edward's pow'r,
Edward, chains, and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha will fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Traitor, coward, turn and flee.

Wha for Scotland's king and law,
Freedom's sword will strongly draw?
Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
Caledonian on wi' me.

By oppression's woes and pains,
By our sons in servile chains,
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be, shall be free.

Lay the proud usurpers low;
Tyrants fall in every foe;
Liberty's in every blow:
Forward—let us do or die.

Lewie Gordon.

O SEND Lewie Gordon hame,
And the lad I daurna name,
Tho' his back be at the wa',
Here's to him that's far awa.
O hon, my Highlandman!
O my bonny Highlandman!
Weel wad I my true love ken
Amang ten thousand Highlandmen.

O to see his tartan trews,
Bonnet blue, and laigh-heel'd shoes,
Philibeg aboon his knee!
That's the lad that I'll gang wi'.
O hon, &c.

This lovely youth of whom I sing,
Is fitted for to be a king;
On his breast he wears a star,
You'd take him for the god o' war.
O hon, &c.

O ! to see this princely one,
Seated on a royal throne,
Disasters a' wad disappear ;
Then begins the jub'lee year.
O hon, &c.

Andro and his Cutty Gun.

Blythe, blythe, blythe was she,
Blythe was she but and ben ;
And weel she lo'ed a Hawick gill,
And leugh to see a tappit hen.
See took me in, and set me down,
She heght to keep me lawin free ;
But cunning carlin that she was,
She gart me birl my bawbee.

We lo'ed the liquor weel enough ;
But waes my heart my cash was done,
Before that I had quench'd my drowth,
And laith I was to pawn my shoon.
When we had three times toom'd our stoup,
And the neist chappin new begun,
In started, to heeze up our hope,
Young Andro wi' his cutty gun.

The carlin brought her kebbuck ben,
With girdle-cakes weel toasted brown,
Weel does the canny kimmer ken,
They gar the scuds gae glibber down.
We ca'd the bicker aft about ;
Till dawning we ne'er jee'd our bun ;
And ay the cleanest drinker out
Was Andro wi' his cutty gun.

He did like ony mavis sing,
And as I in his oxter sat,
He ca'd me ay his bonny thing,
And mony a sappy kiss I gat.
I hae been east, I hae been west,
I hae been far ayont the sun;
But the blythest lad that e'er I saw,
Was Andro wi' his cutty gun.

Roy's Wife.

Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
Wat ye how she cheated me,
As I came o'er the braes o' Balloch.

She vow'd, she swore, she wad be mine;
She said she lo'ed me best of ony;
But ah! the faithless fickle queen,
She's ta'en the carle and left her Johnnie.
Roy's wife, &c.

Her hair sae fair, her een sae clear,
Her wee bit mou sae sweet and bonny:
To me she ever will be dear,
Though she's for ever left her Johnnie.
Roy's wife, &c.

But O, she was a canty queen,
And weel could dance the Highland walloch;
How happy I, had she been mine,
Or I been Roy of Aldivalloch.
Roy's wife, &c.

My only Jo and Dearie O.

Thy cheek is o' the rose's hue,
My only jo and dearie O;
Thy neck is like the siller dew,
Upon the banks sae brierie O:
Thy teeth are o' the ivory,
O sweet's the twinkle o' thine e'e:
Nae joy, nae pleasure, blinks on me,
My only jo and dearie O.

The birdie sings upon the thorn
Its sang o' joy fu' cheerie O,
Rejoicing in the simmer morn,
Nae care to mak it eerie O:
But little kens the sangster sweet,
Aught o' the cares I hae to meet,
That gars my restless bosom beat,
My only jo and dearie O.

Whan we were bairnies on yon brae,
And youth was blinking bonny O;
Aft we wad daff the lee-lang day,
Our joys fu' sweet and monie O,
Aft I wad chase thee o'er the lee,
And round about the thorny tree;
Or pu' the wild flowers a' for thee,
My only jo and dearie O.

I hae a wish I canna tine,
'Mang a' the cares that grieve me O,
I wish that thou wert ever mine,
And never mair to leave me O;

Then I wad daut thee night and day,
Nor ither war'ly care I'd hae,
Till life's warm streams forgat to play,
My only jo and dearie O.

Roslin Castle.

'Twas in that season of the year,
When all things gay and sweet appear,
That Colin, with the morning ray,
Arose and sung his rural lay.
Of Nannie's charms the shepherd sung,
The hills and dales with Nanny rung;
While Roslin Castle heard the swain,
And echoed back the cheerful strain.

Awake, sweet Muse! the breathing spring
With rapture warms, awake and sing!
Awake and join the vocal throng,
Who hail the morning with a song:
To Nanny raise the cheerful lay;
O! bid her haste and come away;
In sweetest smiles herself adorn,
And add new graces to the morn!

O hark, my love! on ev'ry spray,
Each feather'd warbler tunes his lay;
'Tis beauty fires the ravish'd throng,
And love inspires the melting song:
Then let my raptur'd notes arise,
For beauty darts from Nanny's eyes,
And love my rising bosom warms,
And fill my soul with sweet alarms.

O come, my love! thy Colin's lay
With rapture calls, O come away!
Come while the Muse this wreath shall twine
Around that modest brow of thine.
O! hither haste, and with thee bring
That beauty blooming like the spring,
Those graces that divinely shine,
And charm this ravish'd breast of mine!

Willie brew'd a Peck o' Maut.

O Willie brew'd a peck o' maut,
And Rob and Allan cam to see;
Three blyther hearts, that lee-lang night,
Ye wadna found in Christendee.
We are nae fou, we're nae that fou,
But just a drappie in our ee;
The cock may craw, the day may daw',
And aye we'll taste the barley bree.

Here are we met, three merry boys,
Three merry boys, I trow are we;
And mony a night we've merry been,
And mony mair we hope to be!
We are na fou, &c.

It is the moon, I ken her horn,
That's blinkin in the lift sae hie;
She shines sae bright to wile us hame,
But by my sooth she'll wait a-wee!
We are na fou, &c.

Wha first shall rise to gang awa,
A cuckold, coward loon, is he!
Wha first beside his chair shall fa',
He is the king amang us three!
We are na fou, &c.

Highland Harry.

My Harry was a gallant gay,
Fu' stately strade he on the plain;
But now he's banish'd far away,
I'll never see him back again.
O for him back again!
O for him back again!
I wad gie a' Knockhaspie's land,
For Highland Harry back again.

When a' the lave gae to their bed,
I wander dowie up the glen;
I sit me down and greet my fill,
And ay I wish him back again.
O for him, &c.

O were some villains hangit high,
And ilka body had their ain;
Then might I see the joyfu' sight,
My Highland Harry back again.
O for him, &c.

Auld Gudeman, ye're a drucken Carle.

She. Auld gudeman, ye're a drucken carle, drucken carle,
A' the lang day ye wink and drink, and gape and gaunt;
Of sottish loons ye're the pink and pearl, pink and pearl,
Ill-far'd, doited, ne'er-do-weel.

He. Hech! gudewife! ye're a flyten body, flyten body;
Will ye hae, but gude be prais'd the *wit* ye want;
The puttin cow should be ay a doddy, ay a doddy,
Mak na sic an awsome reel.

She. Ye're a sow, auld man,
Ye get fou, auld man,
Fye shame, auld man,
To your wame, auld man.
Pinch'd I win, wi' spinin tow,
A plack to cleed your back and pow.

He. It's a lie, gudewife,
It's your tea, gudewife;
Na, na, gudewife,
Ye spend a', gudewife;
Dinna fa' on me pell-mell,
Ye like a drap fu' weel yoursel.

She. Ye's rue, auld gowk, your jest and frolic, jest and frolic;
Dare ye say, goose, I ever lik'd to tak a drappy;
An' 'twerena just for to cure the cholic, cure the cholic,
Deil a drap wad weet my mou.

He. Troth, gudewife, ye wadna swither, wadna swither,
Soon to tak a cholic, whan it brings a drap o' cappy;
But twa score years we hae fought thegither, fought thegither,
Time it is to gree, I trow.

She. I'm wrang, auld John,
Owre lang, auld John,
For nought, gude John,
We hae fought, gude John;
Let's help to bear ilk ither's weight,
We're far owre feckless now to feight.

He. Ye're right, gudewife,
The night, gudewife;
Our cup, gude Kate,
We'll sup, gude Kate;
Thegither frae this hour we'll draw,
And toom the stoup atween us twa!

How sweet this lone Vale.

How sweet this lone vale, and how soothing to feeling
Yon nightingale's notes, which in melody melt;
Oblivion of woe o'er my mind gently stealing,
A pause from keen sorrow a moment is felt.
The moon's yellow light o'er the still lake is sleeping;
Ah! near the sad spot Mary sleeps in her tomb!
Again the heart swells, the eye flows with weeping,
And the sweets of the vale are all shadow'd with gloom.

The Land o' the Leal.

I'm wearing awa, Jean,
Like snaw when it's thaw, Jean,
I'm wearing awa
To the land o' the leal.

There's nae sorrow there, Jean,
There's nae cauld nor care, Jean,
The day is aye fair
In the land o' the leal.

Ye were ay leal and true, Jean,
Your task's ended now, Jean,
And I'll welcome you
To the land o' the leal.
Our bonny bairn's there, Jean,
She was baith gude and fair, Jean,
And we grudg'd her right sair
To the land o' the leal.

Then dry that tearfu' ee, Jean,
My soul langs to be free, Jean,
And angels wait on me
To the land o' the leal.
Now, fare ye weel, my ain Jean,
This warld's care is vain, Jean,
We'll meet, and ay be fain,
In the land o' the leal.

Ettrick Banks.

On Ettrick banks, on a summer's night,
At gloamin, when the sheep drave hame,
I met my lassie, braw and tight,
Come wading barefoot a' her lane:
My heart grew light, I ran, I flang
My arms about her lily neck,
And kiss'd and clapt her there fu' lang,
My words they were nae mony feck.

I said, my lassie, will ye go
To the Highland hills the Earse to learn?
I'll baith gie thee a cow and ewe,
When ye come to the Brig of Earn.
At Leith, auld meal comes in, ne'er fash,
And herrings at the Bromielaw,
Cheer up your heart, my bonny lass,
There's gear to win ye never saw.

All day, when we have wrought enough,
When winter frost and snaw begin,
Soon as the sun gaes west the loch,
At night when we sit down to spin,
I'll screw my pipes and play a spring,
And thus the weary night we'll end,
Till the tender kid and lamb time bring
Our pleasant summer back again.

Syne when the trees are in their bloom,
And gowans glent o'er ilka field,
I'll meet my lass amang the broom,
And lead her to my summer shield.
There far frae a' their scornfu' din,
That make the kindly heart their sport,
We'll laugh and kiss, and dance and sing,
And gar the langest day seem short.

She says, she lo'es me best of a'.

Sae flaxen were her ringlets,
Her eyebrows of a darker hue,
Bewitchingly o'er-arching,
Twa laughing een o' bonny blue.

Her smiling, sae wiling,
Wad make a wretch forget his woe;
What pleasure, what treasure,
Unto these rosy lips to grow:
Such was my Chloris bonny face,
When first her bonny face I saw;
And ay my Chloris dearest charm,
She says, she lo'es me best of a'.

Lke harmony her motion;
Her pretty ancle is a spy,
Betraying fair proportion,
Wad make a saint forget the sky.
Sae warming, sae charming,
Her faultless form and gracefu' air;
Ilk feature, auld Nature
Declar'd that she could do nae mair.
Her's are the willing chains of love,
By conquering Beauty's sovereign law:
And ay my Chloris dearest charm,
She says, she lo'es me best of a'.

Let others love the city,
And gaudy show at sunny noon,
Gie me the lonely valley,
The dewy eve, and rising moon,
Fair beaming, and streaming,
Her silver light the boughs amang;
While falling, recalling,
The amorous thrush concludes his sang.
There, dearest Chloris, wilt thou rove
By wimpling burn and leafy shaw,
And hear my vows o' truth and love,
And say, thou lo'es me best of a'.

Come under my Plaidy.

" Come under my plaidy, the night's gaun to fa',
Come in frae the cauld blast, the drift, and the snaw;
Come under my plaidy,
And lie down beside me,
There's room in't, dear lassie, believe me, for twa.
Come under my plaidy,
And lie down beside me,
I'll hap ye frae every cauld blast that will blaw;
O come under my plaidy,
And lie down beside me,
There's room in't, dear lassie, believe me, for twa."

' Gae 'wa wi' your plaidy! auld Donald, gae 'wa!
I fear na the cauld blast, the drift, nor the snaw:
Gae 'wa wi' your plaidy,
I'll no lie beside ye,
Ye might be my gutchard, auld Donald, gae 'wa!
I'm gaun to meet Johnny,
He's young and he's bonny,
He's been at Meg's bridal, fu' trig and fu' braw;
O, there's nane dance sae lightly,
Sae gracefu', sae tightly,
His cheeks are like roses, his brow's like the snaw.'

" Dear Marion, let that flee stick fast to the wa;
Your Jock's but a gowk, and has naething ava;
The hale o' his pack
He has got on his back;
He's thretty, and I am but threescore and twa.

Be frank now and kindly,
I'll busk ye ay finely;
At kirk or at market there'll nane gang sae braw;
A bien house to bide in,
A chaise for to ride in,
And flunkies to 'tend ye as aft as ye ca'."

'My father ay tell'd me, my mither and a',
Ye'd mak a gude husband, and keep me ay braw;
It's true I lo'e Johnny,
He's young and he's bonny,
But, wae's me, I ken, he has naething ava!
I hae little tocher,
Ye've made a gude offer,
I'm now mair then twenty, my time is but sma';
Sae gie me your plaidy,
I'll creep in beside ye,
I thought ye'd been aulder than threescore and twa!'

She crap in ayont him, beside the stane wa',
Whare Johnny was list'ning, and heard her tell a';
The day was appointed,
His proud heart it dunted,
And strack 'gainst his side, as if bursting in twa.
He wander'd hame weary,
The night it was dreary,
And thowless, he tint his gate 'mang the deep snaw:
The howlet was screaming,
While Johnny cried, "Women
Wad marry Auld Nick, if he'd keep them ay braw."

" O the deil's in the lasses ! they gang now sae
braw,
They'll lie down wi' auld men o' threescore and
twa;
The hale o' their marriage
Is gowd and a carriage;
Plain love is the cauldest blast now that can blaw.
Auld dotards, be wary !
Tak tent wha ye marry,
Young wives wi' their coaches they'll whup and
they'll ca',
Till they meet wi' some Johnny
That's youthfu' and bonny,
And they'll gie a horn on ilk haffet to claw."

The Flowers of the Forest.

I've seen the smiling of fortune beguiling;
I've felt all its favours, and found its decay;
Sweet was its blessing, and kind its caressing,
But now it is fled—and its fled far away.

I've seen the Forest adorned the foremost,
With flowers of the fairest, most pleasant and
gay,
Sae bonny was their blooming, their scent the air
perfuming,
But now they are withered, and weded away.

I've seen the morning with gold the hills adorning,
And loud tempests storming before break of
day;
I've seen Tweed's silver streams shining in the
sunny beams,
Grow drumly and dark as he row'd on his way.

O fickle Fortune! why this cruel sporting?
O why still perplex us, poor sons of a day?
Nae mair your smiles can cheer me, nae mair your frowns can fear me,
For the flow'rs of the Forest are withered away.

Gow's Fareweel to Whisky.

You've surely heard o' famous Neil,
The man that play'd the fiddle weel,
I wat he was a canty chiel',
And dearly lo'ed the Whisky, O.
And ay sin' he wore tartan trews,
He dearly lo'ed the Athole brose;
And wae was he, you may suppose,
To play fareweel to Whisky, O.

Alake, quoth Neil, I'm frail and auld,
And find my bluid grows unco cauld,
I think 'twad mak me blythe and bauld,
A wee drap Highland Whisky, O.
Yet the doctors they do a' agree,
That whisky's no the drink for me:
Saul! quoth Neil, 'twill spoil my glee,
Should they part me and Whisky, O.

Tho' I can get baith wine and ale,
And find my head and fingers hale,
I'll be content, tho' legs should fail,
To play fareweel to Whisky, O.
But still I think on auld langsyne,
When Paradise our friends did tyne,
Because something ran in their mind,
Forbid, like Highland Whisky, O.

Come a' ye Powers of Music, come!
I find my heart grows unco glum;
My fiddle-strings will no play bum
To say fareweel to Whisky, O.
Yet I'll tak my fiddle in my hand,
And screw the pegs up while they'll stand,
To mak a lamentation grand,
On gude auld Highland Whisky, O.

For Lack of Gold.

For lack of gold she's left me, O!
And of all that's dear bereft me, O!
She me forsook for a great duke,
And to endless care has left me, O!
A star and garter has more art,
Than youth, a true and faithful heart;
For empty titles we must part,
And for glitt'ring show she's left me, O!

No cruel fair shall ever move
My injur'd heart again to love,
Through distant climates I must rove,
Since Jeanie she has left me, O!
Ye Powers above, I to your care
Commit my lovely charming fair;
Your choicest blessings on her share,
Though she's for ever left me, O!

Donald M'Donald.

My name it is Donald M'Donald,
I live in the Highlands sae grand;

I've follow'd our banners, and will do,
Wharever my Maker has land.
Whan rankit amang the blue bannets,
Nae danger can fear me ava;
I ken that my brethren around me
Are either to conquer or fa'.
Brogues and brochen, and a',
Brochen and brogues, anda';
And is na she very weel aff,
Wha has brogues and brochen, and a'.

Last year we were wonderfu' canty,
Our friends and our country to see;
But since the proud Corsican's vauntie,
We'll meet him by land or by sea.
Whanever a clan is disloyal,
Wharever our King has a foe,
He'll quickly see Donald M'Donald,
Wi' his Highlandmen a' in a row.
Guns and pistols, and a',
Pistols and guns, and a',
He'll quickly see Donald M'Donald,
Wi' guns and pistols, and a'.

What tho' we befriendit young Charlie,
To tell it I dinna think shame,
Poor lad, he came to us but barely,
And reckon'd our mountains his hame.
It's true that our reason forbade us,
But tenderness carried the day;
Had Geordie come frien'less amang us,
Wi' him we had a' gane away.
Sword and buckler, and a,
Buckler and sword, and a';
For George we'll encounter the devil,
Wi' sword and buckler, and a'.

And oh! I wad earnestly press him,
The keys o' the East to retain;
For should he gie up the possession,
We'd soon hae to force them again:
Than yield up ae inch wi' dishonour,
Tho' it were my finishing blow,
When he may depend on M'Donald,
Wi' his Highlandmen a' in a row.
Knees and elbows, and a',
Elbows and knees, and a';
Depend upon Donald M'Donald,
Wi's knees and elbows, and a'.

If Buonaparte land at Fort William,
Auld Europe nae langer sall grane;
I laugh when I think how we'll gall him,
Wi' bullet, wi' steel, and wi' stane.
Wi' rocks o' the Nevis and Gairy,
We'll rattle him aff frae our shore;
Or lull him asleep 'neath a cairney,
And sing him Lochaber no more.
Stanes and bullets, and a',
Bullets and stanes, and a';
We'll finish the Corsican callan,
Wi' stanes and bullets, and a'.

The Gordon is gude in a hurry,
The Campbell is steel to the bane,
And Grant, and M'Kenzie, and Murray,
And Cameron will hurkle to nane.
The Stuart is sturdy and wannel,
And sae is M'Leod and M'Kay,
And I, their gudebrither, M'Donald,
Shall ne'er be the last in the fray.

Brogues and brochen, and a',
Brochen and brogues, and a',
Sae up wi' the bonny blue bannet,
The kilt and the feather, and a'.

This is no mine ain Lassie.

O THIS is no mine ain lassie,
Fair tho' the lassie be;
O weel ken I mine ain lassie,
Kind love is in her ee.

I see a form, I see a face,
Ye weel may wi' the fairest place;
It wants, to me, the witching grace,
The kind love that's in her ee.
O this is no, &c.

She's bonny, blooming, straight, and tall,
And lang has had my heart in thrall,
And ay it charms my very saul,
The kind love that's in her ee.
O this is no, &c.

A thief sae pawkie is my Jean,
To steal a blink, by a' unseen;
But gleg as light are lovers' een,
When kind love is in the ee.
O this is no, &c.

It may escape the courtly sparks,
It may escape the learned clarks;
But weel the watching lover marks
The kind love that's in her ee.
O this is no, &c.

Symon and Janet.

SURROUNDED wi' bent and wi' heather,
Whar muircocks and plivers are rife,
For mony a lang towmond thegither,
There liv'd an auld man and his wife;
About the affairs o' the nation,
The twasome they seldom were mute;
Buonaparte, the French, and invasion,
Did saur in their wizens like soot.

In winter, when deep ran the gutters,
And night's gloomy canopy spread,
Auld Symon sat luntin his cuttie,
And lousin his buttons for bed;
Auld Janet, his wife, out a-gazin,
To lock in the door was her care;
She, seein our signals a-blazin,
Cam rinnin in, rivin her hair:

O Symon, the Frenchmen are landit!
Gae look man, and slip on your shoon;
Our signals, I see them extendit,
Like red-risin blaze o' the moon.
What plague! the French landit! quo' Symon,
And clash gaed his pipe to the wa';
Faith! then there's be loadin and primin,
Quo' he, if they're landit ava.

Our youngest son's in the militia,
Our auldest gran'son's volunteer;
O' the French to be fu' o' the flesh o',
I too in the ranks will appear.

His waistcoat pouch fill'd he wi' pouther,
And bang'd down his rusty auld gun,
His bullets he pat i' the ither,
That he for the purpose had run.

Then humpled he out in a hurry,
While Janet his courage bewails,
And cried out, dear Symon, be wary,
And teughly she hang by his tails.
Let be wi' your kindness, quo' Symon,
Nor vex me wi' tears and wi' cares,
For, now to be rul'd by a woman,
Nae laurels shall crown my grey hairs.

Then hear me, quo' Janet, I pray thee,
I'll tend thee, love, living or dead,
And if thou should fa', I'll die with thee,
Or tie up thy wounds if thou bleed.
Quo' Janet, O keep frae the riot!
Last night, man, I dreamt ye was dead;
This aught days I've tentit a pyot,
Sit chatt'ring upo' the house head:

As yesterday workin my stockin,
And you wi' the sheep on the hill,
A muckle black corbie sat croakin;
I kend it foreboded some ill.
Hoot, cheer up, dear Janet, be hearty,
For ere the next sun may gae down,
Wha kens but I'll shoot Buonaparte,
And end my auld days in renown!

Syne aff in a fury he stumpled,
Wi' bullets, and pouther, and gun;
At's curpin auld Janet too humpled,
Awa to the neist neighb'rin town:

There footmen and yeomen paradin,
To scour aff in dirdum were seen,
And wives and young lasses a' sheddin
The briny saut tears frae their een.

Then aff wi' his bannet got Symie,
And to the commander he gaes,
Quo' he, Sir, I mean to gae wi' ye,
And help ye to lounder our faes:
I'm auld, yet I'm teugh as the wire,
Sae we'll at the rogues hae a dash,
And fegs, if my gun winna fire,
I'll turn her butt end, and I'll thrash.

Well spoken, my hearty old hero,
The captain did smiling reply,
But begg'd he wad stay till to-morrow,
Till day-light should glent in the sky.
What reck! a' this stour cam to naething;
Sae Symon, and Janet his dame,
Hale skart frae the wars, without skaithing,
Gaed, bannin the French, awa hame.

The Lass o' Gowrie.

Upon a simmer afternoon,
A wee before the sun gade down,
My lassie, in a braw new gown,
Cam o'er the hills to Gowrie.
The rose-bud, ting'd with morning show'r,
Blooms fresh within the sunny bow'r;
But Katie was the fairest flower
That ever bloom'd in Gowrie.

Nae thought had I to do her wrang,
But round her waist my arms I flang,
And said, My dearie, will ye gang,
To see the Carse o' Gowrie?
I'll tak ye to my father's ha',
In yon green fields beside the shaw;
I'll mak you lady o' them a',
The brawest wife in Gowrie.

A silken gown o' siller grey,
My mither coft last new-year's-day,
And buskit me frae tap to tae,
To keep me out o' Gowrie.
Daft Will, short syne, cam courting Nell,
And wan the lass, but what befel,
Or whar she's gane, she kens hersel,
She staid na lang in Gowrie.

Sic thoughts, dear Kate, ill combine
Wi' beauty rare, and wit like thine;
Except yoursel, my bonny queen,
I care for nought in Gowrie.
Since first I saw you in the sheal,
To you my heart's been true and leal;
The darkest night I fear nae deil,
Warlock or witch, in Gowrie.

Saft kisses on her lips I laid,
The blush upon her cheek soon spread;
She whisper'd, modestly, and said,
O Pate, I'll stay in Gowrie!
The auld folks soon gae their consent,
Syne for Mess John they quickly sent,
Wha ty'd them to their heart's content,
And now she's Lady Gowrie.

The Soldier's Return.

When wild war's deadly blast was blawn,
And gentle peace returning,
And eyes again wi' pleasure beam'd,
That had been blear'd wi' mourning;
I left the lines, and tented field,
Where lang I'd been a lodger,
A humble knapsack a' my wealth,
A poor, but honest sodger.

A leel light heart beat in my breast,
My hands unstain'd wi' plunder;
And for fair Scotia, hame again,
I cheery on did wander:
I thought upon the banks o' Coil,
I thought upon my Nancy;
I thought upon the witching smile
That caught my youthfu' fancy.

At length I reach'd the bonny glen,
Where early life I sported;
I past the mill, and trysting thorn,
Where Nancy oft I courted:
Wha spied I, but my ain dear maid,
Down by her mother's dwelling!
And turn'd me round to hide the flood
That in my ee was swelling.

Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I, sweet lass,
Sweet as yon hawthorn's blossom,
O! happy, happy may he be,
That's dearest to thy bosom;

My purse is light, I've far to gang,
And fain wad be thy lodger;
I've serv'd my king and country lang,
Tak pity on a sodger.

Sae wistfully she gaz'd on me,
And lovelier grew than ever;
Quoth she, a sodger ance I lo'ed,
Forget him will I never:
Our humble cot, and hamely fare,
Ye freely shall partake o't;
That gallant badge, the dear cockade,
Ye're welcome for the sake o't.

She gazed—she redden'd like a rose—
Syne pale as ony lily,
She sank within my arms, and cried,
Art thou my ain dear Willie?——
By Him who made yon sun and sky!
By whom true love's regarded,
I am the man—and thus may still
True lovers be rewarded!

The wars are o'er, and I'm come hame,
And find thee still true-hearted;
Tho' poor in gear, we're rich in love,
And mair we'se ne'er be parted.
Quoth she, my grandsire left me goud,
A mailen plenish'd fairly;
Then come, my faithfu' sodger lad,
Thou'rt welcome to it dearly!

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
The farmer ploughs the manor;

But glory is the sodger's prize,
The sodger's wealth is honour:
The brave poor sodger ne'er dispise,
Nor count him as a stranger;
Remember he's his country's stay,
In day and hour o' danger.

Yarrow Braes.

Braw, braw lads on Yarrow braes,
Ye wander thro' the blooming heather;
But Yarrow braes, nor Ettrick shaws,
Can match the lads o' Galla-water.

But there is ane, a secret ane,
Aboon them a' I lo'e him better,
An' I'll be his, an' he'll be mine,
The bonny lad o' Galla-water.

Although his daddie was nae laird,
And though I hae nae meikle tocher,
Yet rich in kindest, truest love,
We'll tent our flocks by Galla-water.

It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,
That coft contentment, peace, or pleasure;
The bands an' bliss o' mutual love,
O that's the chiefest warld's treasure.

What is that to you.

My Jeany and I hae toil'd
The live-lang summer's day,
Till we were almost spoil'd,
At making o' the hay.

Her kerchy was o' Holland clear,
Ty'd on her bonny brow;
I whisper'd something in her ear;
But, what is that to you?

Her stockings were of kersey green,
And tight as ony silk:
O, sic a leg was never seen!
Her skin was white as milk.
Her hair was black as ane could wish,
And sweet, sweet was her mou!
My Jeany daintily can kiss;
But, what is that to you?

The rose and lily baith combine
To mak my Jeany fair;
There is nae bennison like mine,
I hae amaist nae care.
But when another swain, my dear,
Shall say your fair to view;
Let Jeany whisper in his ear;
Pray, what is that to you?

Weel may we a' be.

WEEL may we a' be,
Ill may we never see,
Here's to the king,
And this gude company.
Fill, fill a bumper high;
Drain, drain your glasses dry;
Out upon him, fie! O fie!
That winna do't again.

Here's to the king, boys!
Ye ken wha I mean, boys;
And ev'ry honest man, boys,
That will do't again.
Fill, fill, &c.

Here's to a' the chieftains
Of the gallant Scottish clans;
They hae done it mair than anes,
And they'll do't again.
Fill, fill, &c.

When the pipes begin to strum,
Tuttie, tattie, to the drum,
Out claymore, and down the gun,
And to the knaves again.
Fill, fill, &c.

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